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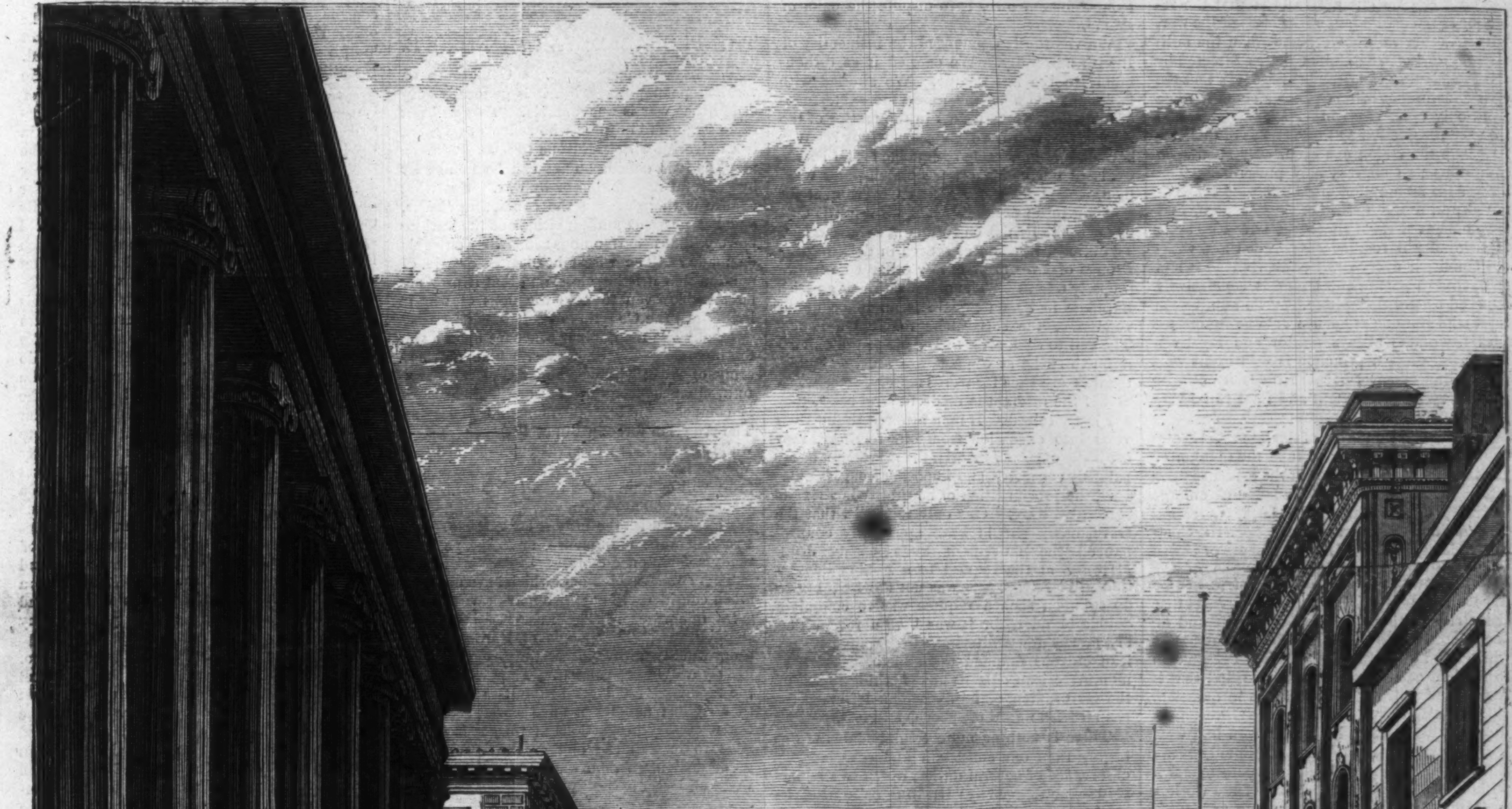


WALL STREET, NEW YORK.—[Photographed by William B. Austin, New York.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

THE REPORT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

THE Report of the Congressional Committee upon Reconstruction is so able and conclusive that we wish it might be universally read. It is the Constitution and common sense applied to the situation; and after the passionate and pettifogging spirit in which Reconstruction, the most important of all our present questions, has been so often discussed its tone is manly and dignified. There is nothing exactly new in the arguments of the Committee, but the Report is an unanswerable statement of the conclusions to which the common-sense of the loyal part of the country had arrived, and upon which, as we believe, it now reposes.

Those conclusions are in brief that the rebellious States were left, at the close of the war, without other valid government than the military authority of the United States, directed by the President as Commander-in-chief; that the civil government of those States could become valid only upon recognition by Congress, and that the resumption by those States of their relations in the Union can occur only upon such conditions as Congress may prescribe. The folly of the assumption of **ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS** and the late allies of the rebellion, that the moment a rebel State was forced by arms to surrender it regained untouched and without condition every right and privilege it had enjoyed as a part of the Union is conclusively exposed by the Committee. "To admit such a principle for one moment would be to declare that treason is always master and loyalty a blunder. Such a principle is void by its very nature and essence, because inconsistent with the theory of government and fatal to its very existence."

To know the condition of the late rebel States it was necessary either to take the opinion of the President solely, or to sift the evidence upon which that opinion was founded and enlarge the range of testimony. This latter course was adopted, and the impression left upon the Committee is again that of the great mass of Union men in the country. The condition of the States in question is precisely what was to be expected. It is a feeling of intense regret that the struggle could not be prolonged, and of bitter hostility toward the Government. But while this is natural to any party defeated in so fierce a contest, the Committee find that it is peculiarly strong in the States in question. "The conciliatory measures of the Government do not seem to have been met even half-way. The bitterness and defiance exhibited toward the United States under such circumstances is without a parallel in the history of the world." It is remarkable that Mr. **SEWARD** in his Auburn speech states the situation exactly the other way. "The work of reconciliation," he says, "has outrun expectation. Indeed, it has never had a parallel in human affairs." We presume that the private conviction of most of us, based upon all the various public and private evidence of the year, will confirm the Committee's judgment rather than Mr. **SEWARD'S**.

After the most careful consideration upon ample evidence the Committee believe that adequate security should be required for future peace and safety, and they suggest, as the result of mutual concession, the amendment determining civil rights, equalizing representation, disqualifying certain persons for office under certain conditions, and disowning the rebel debt. This amendment has been already adopted by the Senate in a moderate and generous form, and will undoubtedly be approved by the House. As there is nothing in it which is not strictly in consonance with the views which the President has often expressed, we hope that for the sake of harmony he will not oppose it. If, however, a bill should be offered for his signature, postponing the admission of any late rebel State to Congress until the amendment had become a part of the Constitution and had been ratified by the State, he would undoubtedly veto it. It seems to us, for many good reasons, advisable that each suspended State should be restored upon its individual acceptance of the condition, and we hope that such may be the final judgment of Congress.

Thus this most important Committee concludes its labors, and concludes them worthily. It has been fiercely derided and insulted by the most malignant enemies of the Union and Government at the North and South; and even the President's impatience has betrayed him into vituperation of it. But we challenge any caviler to produce from history an instance of a settlement by a victorious government so honorable, so reasonable, so free from vengeance, so tenacious of the spirit of a truly free government. There is no lately rebellious citizen of the United States who "acquiesces" honestly in the situation who can declare it ungenerous or unjust, while every faithful citizen will heartily commend it as the true popular platform. The substance of this Report is sure to be filtered through editorials and speeches, so that it will become familiar to the country. But Union clubs and committees could do no better service to the good cause than to multiply legible copies of it.

OUR NEUTRALITY.

THE President's late decisive proclamation of neutrality in the Fenian raid upon Canada was derided by those who snarl at all his acts, but was of necessity cordially approved by all thoughtful citizens in whose minds passion and prejudice had not obscured the sense of national honor. We are at peace with Great Britain—a peace which the interests of liberty and civilization require to be maintained—and to insist that we shall wink at the desolation of a neighboring colony of that power by such a body as the "Fenian army," because Great Britain played fast and loose in her neutrality during our late war, is simply childish and preposterous. To plead the dishonor of England as an excuse for our own, is to dispute the palm of shame.

We vigorously denounced the insincerity of British neutrality. We decried it as dishonorable to the last degree. We swelled with indignant scorn at the miserable subterfuges of the British Government in the matter of the *Alabama*. Were we right or wrong? Was her conduct honorable or ignoble? Of course we have not changed our opinion—and why, then, should we sneer at our Government for refusing to do precisely what we think it dastardly in the British Government to have done? The utmost freedom of speech in debating the wrongs of Ireland or of any other country we properly tolerate. The organization of an Irish Republic in Union Square is an innocent diversion of the subscribers to Fenian bonds. The call to send arms to Ireland or the exhortation to strike at Canada, are all permissible, for they are thus far words merely, mere wind. But if the attempt is made to send arms, they are justly seized. If men attempt to put their vows into execution from our territory, they are justly opposed. And if the movement be apparently concerted and imposing from its numbers, the proclamation of neutrality is a simple Executive duty. Our only regret is, that the Government should have apparently countenanced the movement by releasing **JOHN MITCHEL** at the request of a Fenian deputation. To release him was not unwise; but to do so upon such a request was to commit a double blunder, for it was both a recognition of Fenians and a discrimination among American citizens founded upon birth. As Irishmen, American citizens have nothing to ask of the Government—and as Fenian Irishmen (to use an Irish figure of speech) still less.

There is nothing more commendable in cur history than our consistent and conscientious observance of neutral duties, which was honorably acknowledged by "**HISTORICUS**" during the *Alabama* debates. It began with the existence of the Government itself. President **WASHINGTON** declared the strictest rule, and enforced it. In 1793 there was war between England and France. The friendship for our late ally and antipathy to our recent foe were yet warm, and **JEFFERSON**, the especial friend of France, was Secretary of State. But **WASHINGTON** and **JEFFERSON** both acted promptly and efficiently. They did not wait for proofs of intended expeditions to be furnished by the representatives of either belligerent. "As soon as it was perceived that such enterprises would be attempted orders to prevent them were dispatched to all the States and ports of the Union." In 1805, when Mr. **JEFFERSON** was President, he equipped a fleet to enforce neutrality, and "to bring in the offenders as pirates." In 1818 President **MONROE** compliments "the whole community" for its honorable fidelity to neutral obligations. In the border troubles of 1838–40 Mr. **WEBSTER**, as Secretary of State, declares the intention of the President to bring "to exemplary punishment" all the violators of law and disturbers of the peace upon the Canadian border. In 1848, when the Germans were trying to unite in one great empire, their Government sent commissioners to this country to buy a steam war vessel. But learning that the buyers were interested in the little Schleswig-Holstein war, our Government forbade the sailing of the steamer, nor was she permitted to depart until, after long negotiations, the buyers gave bonds in $900,000 that she should never be used against any nation with which we were at peace. In 1855, during the Russian war, the Government seized Mr. Low's bark *Maury*, although it considered the complaint of the British consul improbable, and it proved to be totally unfounded.

In the recent instance not only our uniform precedent and the general reason of such cases, but the intrinsic inhumanity and folly of the belligerent acts demanded the strictest enforcement of neutrality. The attempt was to sunder the British empire by seizing Canada by that part of the Irish population of the United States with whom their most conspicuous religious and political leaders will have nothing to do, and who were earnestly dissuaded from the enterprise by the recognized head of the revolutionary movement. There could be no conceivable result of such a mad foray but bloodshed and sorrow. It is true that Canada looked on coolly when rebel raids against us were plotted under her eyes. But is that Canadian conduct to be the model of ours? Did the offense of Canada, great as it was, deserve that her soil and cities should be exposed by us to such a horde and such a spirit as ravaged New York in the July riots of 1863? Even the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, which has incessantly magnified Fenianism, admits, in speaking of the invading "army," that "the most of them were nothing more or less than an armed mob, roving about wherever they pleased, robbing the homes, and insulting and abusing women and children." If our laws and precedents had not forbidden our connivance with so horrible a tragedy as this raid would have been, if unchecked, certainly our common humanity and common sense should have forced us to interfere; and the President is to be heartily thanked for his fidelity to the national honor.

THE PROBABLE WAR IN EUROPE.

THERE will apparently be a Conference of the European powers, but it is generally conceded that war is unavoidable. This will not seem strange to any one who reflects that there is a universal wish in Europe to reconstruct the map, as it is called. That can be done only by peaceful negotiation or by war. But what chance is there among the conflicting claims, and hot passions and ambitions of the various powers, that a harmonious redistribution could be made? The wisest heads are clearly of opinion that it is hopeless, and that it may not be possible even to hold the dogs of war in leash until the Congress dissolves.

Meanwhile the number of troops upon a war footing is already enormous. The northern army of Austria alone, under General **BENEDEK**, upon the frontiers of Prussia and Saxony, is composed of 380,000 men and 500 guns. The Austrian force in Venetia is 130,000 men, while the Austrian reserves comprise 800,000. Vienna is being rapidly fortified. The Italian army will contain more than 500,000 men, of whom 250,000 are already in the first line, and are inspired with the utmost enthusiasm. The Prussian force is immense, and Europe is already a camp once more.

There are two elements which have not been much considered, but which may prove to be of great importance. These are Russia and the Republicans. The people of Europe at this time would hardly allow the struggle to be merely a dynastic combat. They would seize the moment of universal tumult to claim further rights; and when once a war begins of the necessary proportions of this, it is impossible to foretell the end or the results. A great deal more than was meant will be both won and lost.

A. J. HAMILTON AND A. H. STEPHENS.

ANDREW J. HAMILTON of Texas, and **ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS** of Georgia, are representatives of the two spirits between which, from this time forward, there will be "an irrepressible conflict" in the late rebel States. They are both natives of slave States. They have both been slaveholders and Democrats. They have both been recognized political leaders. They are both men of intellectual ability, tenacity, and force. But the heart and hand of one are set toward the future, those of the other to the past.

When the other Southern leaders of the Democratic party took up arms against the Government **STEPHENS** warned them to pause. He pleaded that he was as true as they to State sovereignty and slavery. He declared that with him the Union was subordinate to "the South." He tried to show them that "the South"—meaning the ambition of those leaders and the interests of slavery—could still control the Government, and that open rebellion would be ruin. But the conspirators were bolder than he, although less astute. Possibly they felt that the conscience of the American people, which was now clearly awakened, could not be put to sleep again, because it had caught a glimpse of the eternal truth that the national interest was coincident with justice, and that therefore every year's delay was fatal both to their ambition and its unholy object. But whatever their motive, they shouted with **ROBERT TOOMBS** that if the sword were not put into their hands they would seize it—and they did so. **STEPHENS** became silent, and floated with the current, and was made the Lieutenant of the conspiracy. Then he opened his mouth to say what even **WIGFALL** and the most foolish and fierce of the conspirators hardly dared to breathe—that the express intention of the new empire was to surpass Dahomey, and its Government was to be founded upon the crime against human nature itself which civilized mankind had elsewhere scornfully spurned.

But when the conspirators declared themselves in Texas **HAMILTON** defied them. In fiery appeals to the people he exposed the nature of the conspiracy and the purpose of its chiefs. He showed the benignity and blamelessness of the Government, declared its intrinsic power, and foretold its overwhelming triumph. His voice was an inspiring bugle blast of patriotism, and no man's attitude in any formidable crisis was ever more heroic than his. Hated and denounced by the rebel chiefs, he stood fast and cried aloud until to stay longer was useless; and then, hunted by men fiercer than blood-hounds, he made his way within the Union lines. There he continued his work. His voice was heard every where encouraging the loyal heart of the country, until, with the victory which he had prophesied, he returned to Texas as Provisional Governor. Of all those who have filled that office **HAMILTON** alone clearly comprehended the situation. He understood the struggle. He knew and trusted the principle which had prevailed, and he was resolved that that principle should inspire the policy of reconstruction in his State, because that only promised peace and permanent union.

HAMILTON and **STEPHENS** are both again conspicuous, both are again leaders of public opinion at the South. **STEPHENS** declares that his principles and convictions are unchanged. He still holds to the right of secession. He "acquiesces" in the result because all force of further resistance is exhausted. An unpardoned rebel, he proudly reaffirms his faith in the principle of the rebellion, and denying the right of the Government which he has vainly sought to overthrow to exact any security for its safety, he haughtily claims a share in its control. Encouraged by his position the old spirit of "the South" revives, that spirit which has been so terribly proved fatal to the Union and the Government. **HAMILTON**, on the other hand, says plainly to **STEPHENS** and his friends: "You have made it necessary for them [the loyal people of the United States] to make certain requirements of you, and they will do it in such a manner as that they will never be disturbed again by a rebellion. I would do the same, and so would you if placed in a similar position. You would not permit any State to go back until you had assurance of the hearty submission of the people in a manner not yet given by the people of Texas." Then, with a directness and force which must rather amaze **STEPHENS** and his friends, **HAMILTON**, after declaring the freedman to be the equal of any of them before the law, exclaims: "As a friend of the Government of the United States, as a friend of humanity, and as a man of truth and honor, he is immeasurably the superior of any pardoned but unrepentant rebel."

When one man says so, many men think so. General **HAMILTON** announces that there shall now be the utmost freedom of speech, and that the truth shall be told fearlessly. He will be supported by those who believe that the United States will see fair play, and the debate between the old silence and despotism of slavery and State sovereignty, and the new speech and inspiration of Liberty and the Union will be opened. It will be hot and sharp, but the issue is clear. With the formation of a true Union party, the real character of "acquiescers" like **STEPHENS**, who hold to the things that are passing away, will be revealed, and a healthful political condition will ensue. As a conciliator, as a peace-maker, as a patriot, as a true American, **ANDREW J. HAMILTON** is as superior to **ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS** now, as he was superior to him in wisdom and patriotism during the war; and it is by such men as **HAMILTON**, and by such principles as his, and not by leaders like **STEPHENS** that the true reconstruction of the late rebel States will be effected.

THE FEAST OF FOLLY.

IN the time of Queen **ELIZABETH** of England the fashions imported from the Continent were so extravagant and ruinous to private fortunes that the Queen, who had three thousand dresses in her wardrobe, issued a proclamation against extravagance in dress. We have no Queen, but we certainly have need of the proclamation. The wild waste of money in the most vulgar ways is a matter of profound public concern. It tends directly to make marriage difficult, and whatever limits honorable marriage threatens public morality.

Our feast of folly is the more contemptible that it is imported. Our vanity is second-hand. New York is apparently content to be a cast-off Paris. Like a pert maid it smirks and ogles in the discarded dresses of its mistress. It waits for Paris to be hooped before it enlarges its skirts, and meekly reduces them when Paris dwindles. The follies of Longchamps are daring, original, and preposterous. But they are the follies of one of the richest and most corrupt of European courts. The same follies, carefully imitated in New York or at Saratoga or Newport, are only feeble and farcical.

Does an honest young man, earning his living in New York, and hoping to marry his sweet-heart on some happy future day, wish to see her aping the Princess **MATHILDE** or the superb Mrs. B——, a noted *divorcée* in Paris, at whom even newspaper correspondents laugh, as they describe her gorgeous dress, costing "at least five hundred dollars," and the "several pounds of dyed red hair upon her head?" Does he wish to see her upon the beach at Newport in "a short petticoat not reaching below the calf," or trailing half a thousand dollars' worth of silk and lace along the wet sand? Would she be beautiful to him if he saw her sweeping the gravel of a race-course with "a long train of delicate tinted lilac silk bordered with tea-roses," carrying a lilac parasol also trimmed with roses, and tripping in lilac boots "with a tea-rose on each instep?"

Such is the costume of the Parisian *monde* and *demi-monde*, and here we shall see its remote and ridiculous reproduction at the summer resorts. Is there no one to tell the truth to these pretty American women who make so ludicrous a mistake? Do they suspect how they are ridiculed? Do they know that the gilded youth who flutter around them do not spare them in their gossip? Do they reflect that no man really respects a New York woman who tries to rival the most notorious Paris women? Ah, gentle ladies, be persuaded! If you dress in the style of the *demi-monde* your morals and manners will be held to be those of the *demi-monde*. True womanly modesty still seeks a modest manner and a modest garb. Be as graceful and as tasteful as you will, but do not believe that the heroine of Longchamps or of a luscious French novel is the heroine of any clever man's sincere admiration.

The remedy of this folly lies very much in the hands of sensible people in "society." Let them steadily refuse to allow money to be made the measure of what is truly fashionable. Let them plainly discountenance the gaudy and mad extravagance of the time, and teach the spirit and taste and dress and manners of the *demi-monde* that they must not presume upon admission to "society."

JOHN BULL IN A FINANCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

NOT many weeks since a broker in Wall Street had occasion to meet a New York agent of a London Bank on business. The transaction was one which involved time; and had it been between two New York houses it would have been but customary if a 10 per cent. deposit in a Trust Company had been called on one side or the other to insure the fulfillment of the contract. Such deposits are called, as matters of business, without necessarily implying any want of confidence in the party called on. In the instance referred to the New York broker proposed a mutual deposit.

"Could not think of it, Sir. Our Bank calls, never makes deposits. You shall deposit *with us* to secure the fulfillment of your contract. We never deposit with any one."

The New York broker modestly demurred to so one-sided a contract, and suggested that as his means were here, within the grasp of attorneys and sheriffs, he ought at least to be put on a footing of equality with the agent of an institution organized, with limited liability, under foreign laws, and whose assets were all on the other side of three thousand miles of water. The indignation of the agent of the London concern was Homeric.

"Sir," said he, "if you don't know the soundness of our concern more shame for your ignorance. We are none of your fly-away New York wild-cat banks. We are a London bank. There are none of your New York banks as sound as our London limited-liability banks. We could buy them all out. And as to depositing money with any New York bank or Trust Company, to insure the fulfillment of *our* contracts, upon my soul, Sir, it would be worth as much as my agency is even to mention the suggestion to our solid, substantial, moneyed, stockholders in London!"

The New York broker was snubbed but not convinced, and did not consummate the transaction.

About the same time some faint glimmer of a coming storm was discerned on the financial horizon in England. The sagacious gentleman who conducts the financial department of the London *Times* understood it at once. He was a man of rare discernment. He had seen from the first that the war in this country must end in the triumph of the rebels, and had advised every one to buy rebel cotton bonds at 90, and had warned the Dutchmen who were buying Five-Twenties at 40 that they would be ruined by the operation. He had actually succeeded in dissuading the bulk of his countrymen from buying our securities, and in casting a temporary discredit upon Amsterdam paper. He had fixed the day for the final collapse of United States credit, and spoke encouragingly of the fortunes of British blockade-runners, nearly all of whom have failed. He had invariably denied every Federal victory, and indorsed each successive lie of REUTER's announcing a rebel success. If he had been a stipendiary of JEFF DAVIS he could not have been more faithful to his cause, or more unscrupulous in the manner in which he prostituted his journal to its aid. When the first dark cloud of trouble began to loom up in London forty or fifty days ago, this faithful and intelligent oracle was at his post. He described the situation in a sentence. The difficulty with England was that she had been lending too much money to the United States. Those rascals of Americans had borrowed money of poor, innocent, plethoric John Bull, until they were head over ears in debt, and now they could not pay, and would probably break. In vain did merchants demonstrate, by the rule of $2 + 2 = 4$, that this country did not owe money to England, but, on the contrary, that England owed money to us: these arguments only produced a knowing shake of the sagacious gentleman's head. He was good-natured, indulgent in his reply. He did not wish to be hard on this country. It had its good points. It had done better than he expected. As to the figures, figures always lie—why notice them? The fact was, as he had stated, that the merchants of the United States had got deeply into the debt of the English, and "the great danger for us (the British) is that the Americans will not be able to pay."

Meanwhile, events proceeded. The Germans prepared for war, and by way of preparation withdrew from London moneys which they had deposited there for employment. A thrill passed through the limited-liability banks, which for the most part had been doing a wild speculative business, on the basis of moneys deposited with them by these Germans and others at a low rate of interest. The day of reckoning came. On that day the banks were called upon to repay the money they had received on deposit. They could not do it. They had no money. They had Peruvian bonds, rebel cotton bonds, shares in Guatemala ranches, and in Chili copper mines, Atlantic and Great Western bonds, Turkish debentures, Indian scrip, and the like; but nothing which, in that hour of trouble, commanded cash in the London market. So they failed, one after another, toppling each other over like a row of cards set on end—Overend, Gurney, & Co., the London, the Consolidated, etc., etc. Are there any sound ones at all?

The knot, in the old classic phrase, was worthy of divine interposition, and the Government did, accordingly, interfere by granting the Bank of England power to over-issue notes. This checked the panic, but did not remedy the disease. Without large and prompt supplies of gold it was clear that almost all the banks in England must go by the board. By most extraordinary good fortune those "large and prompt supplies" were forthcoming. And they came—not from Australia, or from the cotton region, or from Peru, or India, or the other countries in which Englishmen had loved to invest their money—but from New York. In one month we sent to England thirty million dollars in gold. Not that we owed it. The money went abroad for the purchase of American securities and American cotton. We could spare it.

So the Bank of England was saved.

It will be curious to read the comments of the sagacious gentleman of the London *Times* on this event. No doubt he will demonstrate to the satisfaction of John Bull that it was, after all, our insolvency which caused the London joint-stock banks to fail, and the soundness of British credit which caused New York to remit to London thirty millions of gold in the month of May to save the Bank of England. For there is no limit to British fatuity. Every Englishman honestly believes that he was born the honestest, wisest, and most virtuous member of the human family. He prays in his church for that "pure and reformed sect to which" he "belongs," and he considers that the purity extends throughout his social and commercial life. Tell him the facts—that the British joint-stock banks on the limited-liability principle are counterparts of our State banks of 1835 and 1836, and that in the ordinary course of events they must fail—that the only sound securities in which the British have been investing money during the last five years are Five-twenty Bonds—that poor old John Bull has been blundering in his old, familiar, pig-headed way ever since the London *Times* and Earl RUSSELL began to prove that the "late United" States were dissolved—and he will smile serenely at your absurdity, with a consciousness—peculiarly his own—of superior wisdom. Such a dear old dolt must be left to develop his own end.

PROVING TOO MUCH.

IT is amusing to observe the solemn fury with which the friends of equal rights in this country are told that they are precipitating a war of races. This is vehemently asserted, too, by many who claim to be especial champions of President JOHNSON, forgetting that he has unequivocally declared himself in favor of enfranchising the colored soldiers and those who pay certain taxes. In this he follows his predecessor, President LINCOLN, who took the same ground. Do the doughty champions wish us to understand that the two Presidents were precipitating a frightful conflict of races?

And from what or whom is this conflict to proceed? Are those who have patiently endured slavery and who have fought bravely for the Government likely suddenly to make war upon those who have freed and enfranchised them? If not, it must be that the war is to be waged against this class by those who were lately fighting against the Union. But if that be so, can the civil and personal rights of the class in question be considered secure if they are left exclusively to the guardianship of those who would massacre them if they were admitted to political rights? Would the inhabitants of the cities of New York or of Albany, for instance, be very sure of fair play from the people of the State in all civil relations if those people were ready to slaughter them if they were allowed to vote?

Zeal should be tempered with discretion. If the ferocious disposition attributed to the whites of the Southern States by the awful prophets of a war of races indeed exists, those prophets establish beyond cavil the necessity of prolonged and stringent military occupation of those States to protect the civil rights of the blacks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read your articles on the late sales of gold by Mr. PETER M. MYERS. I have likewise read Mr. M'CULLOCH's and Mr. VAN DYCK's letters on the subject, and, in the language of the New York *Express*, I think, with all due respect to you, that they "settle the question."

There is but one point on which I wish to trouble you. Mr. M'CULLOCH (or perhaps it may be Mr. VAN DYCK) very justly observes that his brother-in-law, Mr. MYERS, had lost much valuable time in "watching the gold speculators"—ah! if the rascals had but suspected they were so closely surveyed—and that he was thus fairly entitled to his commission, which, on thirty millions of gold sold in May, was $37,500.

Now I wish to say that I will watch those rascals in the gold-room steadily, persistently, night and day, if need be, for one half the money, during the next year—say $18,750. And, being a bachelor, I am ready, if absolutely necessary to secure the salary, to become a brother-in-law of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Yours, EPHRAIM C. JONES,
226 Wall Street

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 5:

In the House, Mr. Schenck's bill to readjust the rates and system of payments in the army was taken up and passed—yeas 93, nays 36.

June 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Doolittle's substitute for the second section of the Constitutional Amendment was disagreed to—yeas 7, nays 21. The substitute was as follows: After the census be taken in the year 1870, representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included in this Union, according to the number in each State of male electors of over twenty-one years of age, qualified by the laws thereof to choose members of the most numerous branch of its Legislature, and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, according to the value of the real or personal taxable property situate in each State, not belonging to the State or to the United States.

June 7:

In the House, the League Island Bill was passed—71 to 46. The object of the bill is to provide a station for our iron-clad fleet.

June 8:

In the Senate, the joint resolution to amend the Constitution was passed—33 to 1. As amended it reads as follows:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring. That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:

ART. —. *Sec.* 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any laws which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; but whenever the right to vote at any election for electors of President and Vice-President, or for United States Representatives in Congress, executive or judicial officers, or the members of the Legislatures thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Sec. 3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President or Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof, but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

Sec. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for the payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned; but neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave, but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.

June 11:

In the House, Mr. Ancona offered a resolution that the Committee on Foreign Affairs be instructed to report a bill repealing the Neutrality Law of 1818, under the terms of which the President's Proclamation against the Fenians was issued. Mr. Schenck offered a substitute, which, with the original resolution, the House voted to refer to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The joint resolution appropriating $121,785 for negotiating treaties with certain Indian tribes, was passed. On motion of Mr. Boutwell, a resolution was adopted declaring that Jefferson Davis should be held in custody as a prisoner, and subjected to trial according to the laws of the land.

THE FINAL REPORT OF THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

On the 8th of June Mr. Fessenden laid before the Senate the final report of the Reconstruction Committee.

According to this report the Confederate States, at the close of the war, were in utter exhaustion and without governments. The President had no power except to execute the laws of the land as Chief Magistrate. The laws gave him no authority over the subject of reorganization. By the Constitution he was Commander-in-chief of the army and navy. It was his duty, under the law of nations and the army regulations, to restore order, to preserve property, and to protect the people against violence from any quarter, until provision should be made for their government. He might, as President, assemble Congress, and submit the whole matter to the law-making power; or he might continue military supervision and control until Congress should assemble on its regularly appointed day. As to the Governors appointed by the President it could not be contended that they possessed or could exercise any but military authority. They had no power to organize civil Governments, nor to exercise any authority except that which inhered in their persons under their commissions; neither had the President, as Commander-in-chief, any other than military power. But he was in exclusive possession of the military authority. It was for him to decide how far he would exercise it, when and on what terms he would withdraw it. He might, perhaps, permit the people to assemble and to initiate local governments, and to execute such local laws as they might choose to form, not inconsistent with nor in opposition to the laws of the United States, and, satisfied they might safely be left to themselves, he might withdraw the military force altogether and have the people of any or all of these States to govern themselves without his interference.

The Committee maintain no portion of the people of the country, whether in a State or Territory, have the right, while remaining on its soil, to withdraw from or reject the authority of the United States. They say it is quite evident, from all the facts, and, indeed, from the whole mass of testimony submitted by the President, that in no instance was any regard paid to any other consideration than obtaining immediate admission to Congress under the barren form of an election in which no precautions were taken to secure regularity of proceedings or the assent of the people. No Constitution has been legally adopted, except, perhaps, in the State of Tennessee, and such elections as were held were without authority of law. The Committee are accordingly forced to the conclusion that the States referred to have not placed themselves in a condition to claim representation in Congress, unless all the rules which have since the foundation of the Government been deemed essential in such cases shall be disregarded. While it appears that nearly all are willing to submit, at least for the time being, to Federal authority, it is equally clear that the ruling motive is a desire to obtain the advantages which will be derived from a representation in Congress. Officers of the Union army on duty, and Northern men who go South to engage in business, are generally detested and proscribed. Southern men who adhered to the Union are bitterly hated and heartlessly persecuted.

From the time these Confederate States thus withdrew from their representation in Congress and levied war against the United States, the great mass of their people became and were insurgents and traitors, and all of them assumed and occupied the political, legal, and practical relation of enemies of the United States. They persisted in their hostility until they were utterly defeated. The burden now rests upon them, before claiming to be reinstated in their power, conditions to show that they are qualified to resume Federal relations. In order to do this they must prove that they have re-established with the consent of the peoples republican forms of government, in harmony with the Constitution and laws of the United States, that all hostile purposes have ceased, and should give adequate guarantees against future treason and rebellion, which will prove satisfactory to the Government against which they rebelled, and by whose arms they were subdued. They have forfeited all civil and political rights under the Federal Constitution, and can only be restored thereto by the permission and authority of that constitutional power against which they rebelled, and by which they were subdued.

The question then before Congress is, whether these conquered enemies shall at their own pleasure participate in Congressional legislation, without acceding to such conditions as, in the opinion of Congress, the security of the country and its institutions demand. This would be only a transference of the conflict from the fields of battle to the halls of legislation.

The conclusion of the Committee, therefore, is, that the so-called Confederate States are not at present entitled to representation in the Congress of the United States; that before allowing such representation, adequate security for future peace and safety should be requested; that this can only be found in such changes of the organic laws as shall determine the civil rights and privileges of the citizens in all parts of this Republic, shall base representation on an equitable basis, shall fix a stigma upon treason, and protect the loyal people against future claims for the expenses incurred in support of the rebellion, and for manumitted slaves, together with an express grant of power in Congress to enforce these provisions. To this end, they offer a joint resolution for amending the Constitution of the United States, and the two several bills designated to carry the same into effect.

NEWS ITEMS.

The work of rebuilding the Academy of Music commenced June 11. The old walls will be used for the new building, after being reduced in height about fifteen feet. The Academy is to be ready by the 1st of November next, and is to cost about $250,000, exclusive of scenery.

There were 366 deaths in New York city for the week ending June 2.

The Metropolitan Board of Health have seized Seguine's Point, the southern extremity of Staten Island, where they have provided suitable hospitals for the quarantine patients.

Probst, the murderer of the Dearing family at Philadelphia, was executed June 8.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AUSTRIA, Prussia, and Italy still continue their formidable preparations for war.

In the Federal Diet at Frankfort the proposal of the Middle States that the Diet should request Austria, Prussia, and all the German States, which have lately increased their military establishments, to reduce them to a peace footing, was unanimously adopted.

Kossuth is trying to incite a Hungarian insurrection.

Garibaldi left Caprera on the 23d for the coast of the Adriatic. In a letter dated Caprera, May 11, he says: "It is in every way advantageous for the country that all are ready and united. It is a question of life or death for the nation, and it is for all Italy to solve the problem. I shall accept of all who are willing to oppose foreign oppression. As for instructions, apply to our friends on the Commission, especially to Benedetto Cairoli. A truce to dissensions and opinions. We must act."

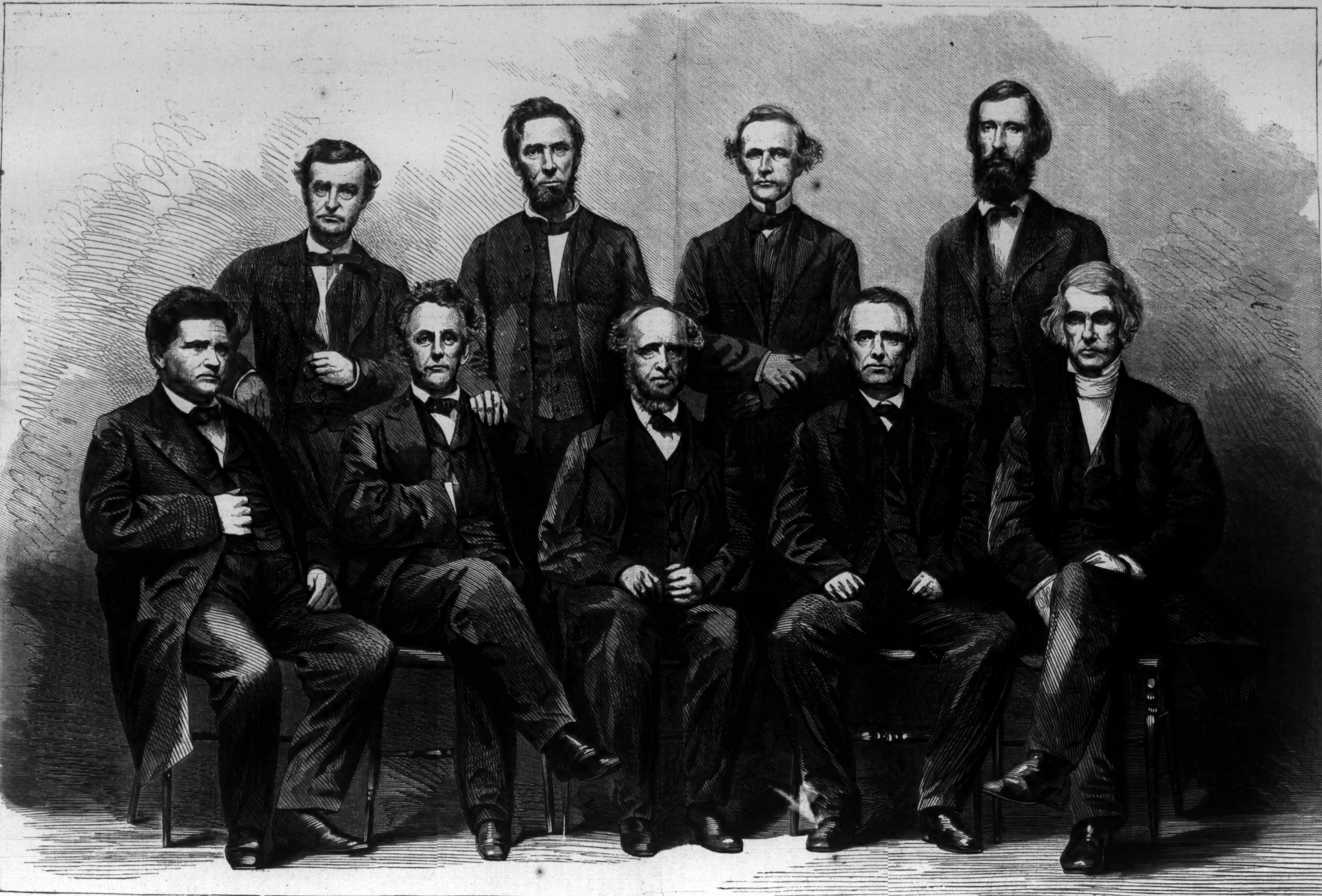
The Vienna journals publish news from Paris stating that, during the late financial panic in London, Earl Cowley, by order of his Government, solicited the energetic mediation of the Emperor Napoleon in favor of peace, and received from his Majesty the following reply:

"In the years 1859 and 1864 England opposed my proposals in reference to the settlement of the Venetian and Schleswig-Holstein questions. Now England wants peace. I also desire peace; but as the most favorable opportunities have been frittered away, and as the conflicting interests have been permitted to reach a point at which they must clash, I can no longer assume the responsibility of events."

Prussia, Austria, and Italy have accepted the invitation of the three great neutral Powers—England, France, and Russia—to send representatives to the Conference soon to be held at Paris.

The note of the French Government inviting Austria to the Conference states as the object of the Conference "the maintenance of peace in Germany and Italy."

A Committee of the Federal Diet has also resolved to accept the invitation given to the German Confederation to the Conference, and has elected Baron Von Der Pfordten, the Bavarian Minister, as their representative.



Kavanaugh. Wightman. Pierce. M'Tyeire. Andrews. Doggett. Paine. Marvin. Early.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 398.]

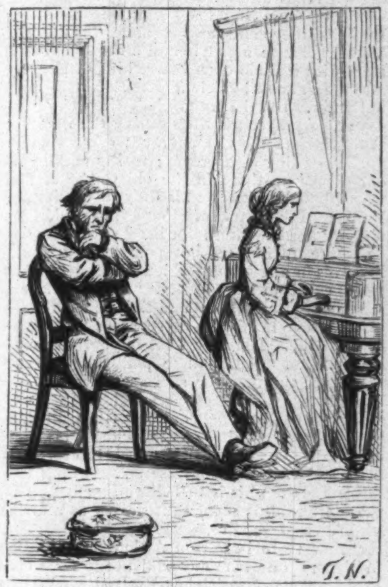
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. WRIGHT AT HOME.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IF ever a man was justifiable in flying to the flowing bowl to-night surely that man is Alonzo Wright. True, he has made solemn oath not to take another drop, Christmas having witnessed his last awful frolic, with the death of a favorite negro man somehow mixed up in its frantic festivities, until next Fourth of July, unless, Mr. Wright most carefully stipulates in his vow, we gain our independence before then; in which latter case he, Tim Lamum, Dr. Peel, Bob Withers, and a few other like spirits, are solemnly pledged to each other to have about the greatest time of it yet known on earth; Captain Richard Simmons moving and assisting unanimously to carry said proviso.

A dozen times has Mr. Wright assured Anne, hanging with silent importunity upon his arm on this as well as every other occasion of his leaving home for Somerville, that he will not taste, touch, smell a drop, not even go on the side of the street where the grocery is. For Mr. Wright is far from being an austere father. Anne has grown up in his eyes the fairest and loveliest and most thoroughly accomplished of women. There is a droop in her large blue eyes, a wave and fall in her fair hair, a mould of her form, an altogether indescribable sweetness in manner and tone which would attach any father in the world. In addition to her being his only child and chiefest companion, she is her dead mother over again. Very often, indeed, of evenings, when Anne sits at the piano, her fingers straying over the keys from one piece to another, singing half a song here, another half there, breaking out in some brilliant bravura, or idling through the tangles of a schottiche, does her father sit, cigar in mouth, looking at and loving her with all the admiration and love of his soul. A rather small, light-complexioned man is Mr. Wright, but your big burly people never feel most. It is in the slight-built organizations you find fire and force; leanness and ferocity are coupled in the wild-cat, vivacity and venom in viper and rattlesnake.

In fact, *this* Anne at least is "all the world to" her father. At the head of his table; her graceful form about the house all day in diligent housekeeping; persuading and remonstrating with the servants, who serve the family wondrous well under the double impulse of mortal terror of "Mas 'Lonz," on the one side, and devoted attachment to "Missanny," as they call her, on the other; even when Dr. Peel or other company are being entertained in the parlor, Mr. Wright, proudly conscious of Anne from the moment he awakes in the morning till he kicks off his boots at night, can join in whatever denunciation of the Yankees is going on between him and the gentleman with whom he is conversing, and be keenly alive all the time to the ever-varying loveliness of Anne on the other side of the room.

Why conceal these bitterest pangs of remorse which give such intensity to Mr. Wright's paternal affection? Yes, Anne is like her mother, most like that mother when at her loveliest; and there were hushed whispers in the community in which Mr. Wright lived at the time of his wife's death, vague rumors from family servants, and from friends who prepared the body for burial, of bruises and marks. Let us say no more about it where nothing certain is known. No man knows better than Mr. Wright that he is a devil incarnate in his cups, and the demoniac love of liquor which possesses the man is restrained only by his love for his daughter, and mortal dread of what he may do to her in some moment of intoxication.

And yet, reasoning with thousands of other Secessionists at the same instant, if ever a man was justifiable, every thing to the contrary notwithstanding, in drowning his sorrows in the bowl to-night that man is Alonzo Wright. As an almost universal rule, even those of the Secession leaders, in the army and out of it, who never drank before, are taking to drinking now. As to those who have drunk hard all along, these do nothing else now at all.

"Why, look at it, gentlemen," says Captain Richard Simmons, who sits to-night on the counter of the grocery, his left arm around a pillar, from which hang the fly-specked festoons of red, white, yellow, and blue paper cut into meshes adorning the ceiling, expressing, for Tim Lamum, who sits dead drunk in an adjoining armchair, and for Bob Withers, who smokes in silence, and for Dr. Peel, whose speech is exclusively oaths, and for Alonzo Wright, who is brooding over the times, seated on the card-table, his slouched hat down over his eyes, the painful feelings of all.

"Only permit your eyes to range over the situation, as Lamum says in the *Star*. A Yankee, gentlemen, Lamum is," adds Captain Simmons, impressively. "It may be a weakness inherent in my nature; I've tried to master it again and yet again. I will be frank with you; I can not. My soul abhors a Yankee. Never mind about his professed devotion to the Confederacy. A lifetime spent in fiercest ardor for it would not satisfy me. My nature revolts from a Yankee. There's old Neely—a Yankee schoolmaster! Who so loud and strong for the South? Insisting on shaking my hand every time we met over our glorious victories. I pledge you my word of honor, gentlemen, I always went straight to my room at Staples's and washed my hands with soap every time. Natural antipathies? For one, gentlemen, I loathe, abominate, detest, execrate—"

"Oh, hold your horses, Simmons, by George! who knows? You may be one yourself. Peddled tin ware for years for what we know. Very likely all your talk only a Yankee trick to throw us off."

"If it is by such buffoonery, Bob Withers, you seek to divert our minds in this dark hour of our country's distress your remarks are beneath, because doubly beneath, my notice. Charleston fallen, gentlemen!" continues Captain Simmons, dismissing Mr. Withers from existence by a slow wave of his hand. "I can not realize it. The fact is, it is a thing which can not *be* realized. I can imagine Wilmington fallen. I do not deny that Petersburg and Richmond are polluted by feet I never dreamed would tread them. That General Lee has surrendered, though it was infinitely worse than death to me, I can because I must believe. Nor do I refuse to acknowledge that Mobile is occupied; that Johnston, whom I revered next to Lee and Davis, has also surrendered. Dick Taylor's surrender smites us to-day like the hand of fate. But Charleston! From every other consideration my soul reverts to Charleston. I can *not* realize it, gentlemen. I may succeed in some degree by the time I have retired at night, but the first thing I know I find myself sitting bolt upright in bed, during the silent watches of the midnight hour, in a cold sweat, and exclaiming, 'By Him who made me, it is not, must not, shall not, can not be so! Charleston? C-h-a-r-l-es-ton! Impossible!"

"Why not get up a theory, Simmons?" says Dr. Peel, scrupulously neat in attire, while the rest are disordered in apparel to the last degree; in the highest spirits, whether from liquor or not, though he does not show any signs of intoxication other than that, while his comrades, Bob Withers excepted, can not drink enough to float them even to ordinary water-mark. "You proved to us, Simmons, in this very room that Charleston, Wilmington, Petersburg, and Richmond, if evacuated, would only be so in pursuance of Lee's new plan of abandoning the sea-coast and concentrating in the interior—a new plan, splendid plan. When Lee surrendered you were ready for that. Lee always had a reason for what he did. Lee had sent all his veterans to Johnston, and surrendered as a consummate *ruse!* Come, Captain, you have never wanted for a theory before; make haste. Where is your inventive faculty? Some brilliant scheme, if we only knew what it was, behind all this news you are wailing over." And Dr. Peel flashes his white teeth upon him, in singular spirits considering the times.

"Sir," replies Captain Simmons, with oracular dignity, "I wait to hear from President Davis. I can see deep meaning in the consummate silence of that Washington of our glorious revolution."

"You can? By George, I can't! What is the use of being a drove of geese *still*, gentlemen?"

It is Bob Withers who propounds the question, rising from his seat to do it. Very much inflamed is Bob's face these trying times, from excessive weeping, perhaps. But it is an honest, sensible, good-humored, Bacchus-like face, too.

"I always looked on the thing as a big spree, and you know I always said so. I knew it was all wrong from the start, ruinous and wrong as any thing gets to be in this world, a tremendous frolic. We all went into it. Of course I wasn't the man to stay behind. It was the wildest, most expensive, biggest spree you ever saw, and I pitched in. Yes, and would do it again tomorrow if it was to do over again; never backed out when half a dozen fellows invited me to go in. When the whole South got drunk, think I'm going to keep sober? But the smash up has come at last—it *will* come. Broken windows and crockery and tables to pay for, headache, empty purse, black eyes, men killed. But wasn't it the grandest blow out! But I knew all along it *was* a spree, always said so; they could never humbug me, by George! with their lies. No, Sir-ree, bob!"

"There is this one consolation, gentlemen," remarks Captain Simmons, more Chesterfieldian the drunker he gets, with a solemn air, and waving gracefully aside the volatility of their Mercutio—"one consolation which fills my nature in this hour of darkness with profound satisfaction—the killing of Abraham Lincoln. Had I an offspring I would have him baptized Booth Simmons. Even in my pangs of bitterest mortification at the failure, if failure it is, of our beloved Confederacy, I say to myself, 'Captain Simmons, Captain Simmons, you forget that Lincoln the tyrant is at this moment in eternal perdition. Like the balm of some place of which I was instructed by pious parents—Gilead I think is the name—the reflection soothes, at least for the moment, the anguish of my spirit."

"The last place I would think you would wish Lincoln to go to, Simmons," remarks Dr. Peel, with great surprise.

"Exactly what I was going to say, Doctor, by George!" puts in Bob Withers.

"May I request an explanation, gentlemen?" asks Captain Simmons, with his stateliest air.

"I would think you would much rather he had gone to heaven. You have hated him so much here one would suppose you would regret being associated eternally with him hereafter," replies Dr. Peel, with Mr. Withers's cordial assent.

"If there be a thing which disgusts me more than all besides with inebriety," says Captain Simmons, with slow and unspeakable scorn, "it is the reckless impiety and irreligion too often connected with it. No merit in myself, seeing my early advantages, my inculcated habit of worshiping from earliest infancy in the sanctuary. Be drunkards, gentlemen, if you must," adds Captain Simmons, with impressive solemnity, "but not scoffers—no, not scoffers. ''Tis the voice of the scoffer, I hear him complain.' Not exactly that, but something to that effect was instilled—"

"We respect your piety, Simmons," interrupts Dr. Peel. "It *is* fully equal to that of Parson Barker, at least; he told me to-day that it was not so much the hand of Booth as the hand of God. His only regret, he says, is that Booth did not kill him on the day of his inauguration. Dozens of church-members—lying Sam Peters, Dr. Ginnis, and the like—say they are glad of the assassination, regret that it failed in the case of Seward, hope the good work will go on. Even that little saint, Ellis, the sincerest and best of them all, got almost drunk with joy over it." From this statement, however, the writer of these lines distinctly withholds his belief.

Let us step out of this choice set of companions, only for a moment, to say a word as to the way in which the killing of Mr. Lincoln was received in Somerville.

There is Jem Budd. When Staples, every hair on end, rushes into Jem's shop and announces the glorious news, that dirty-faced artisan pauses long enough, with suspended file, to say, "Ah!" with genuine surprise; to add immediately after, as he continues his filing at the gun-barrel clenched in the vice before him, "Just what I always said." It is but history to record, however, that when Dr. Warner drops in a moment after to ask after Mrs. Budd's very precarious health, and to tell Jem—of course that was altogether a secondary motive—the news of the surrender of General Lee, which comes by the same mail, but which Staples has neglected to mention, the gun-smith stops altogether from his work, and, adding largely to the darkness of his nose by a long reflective rub thereof with his forefinger, has genuine joy in his eyes while he says, "Precisely so, Doctor; what I always thought."

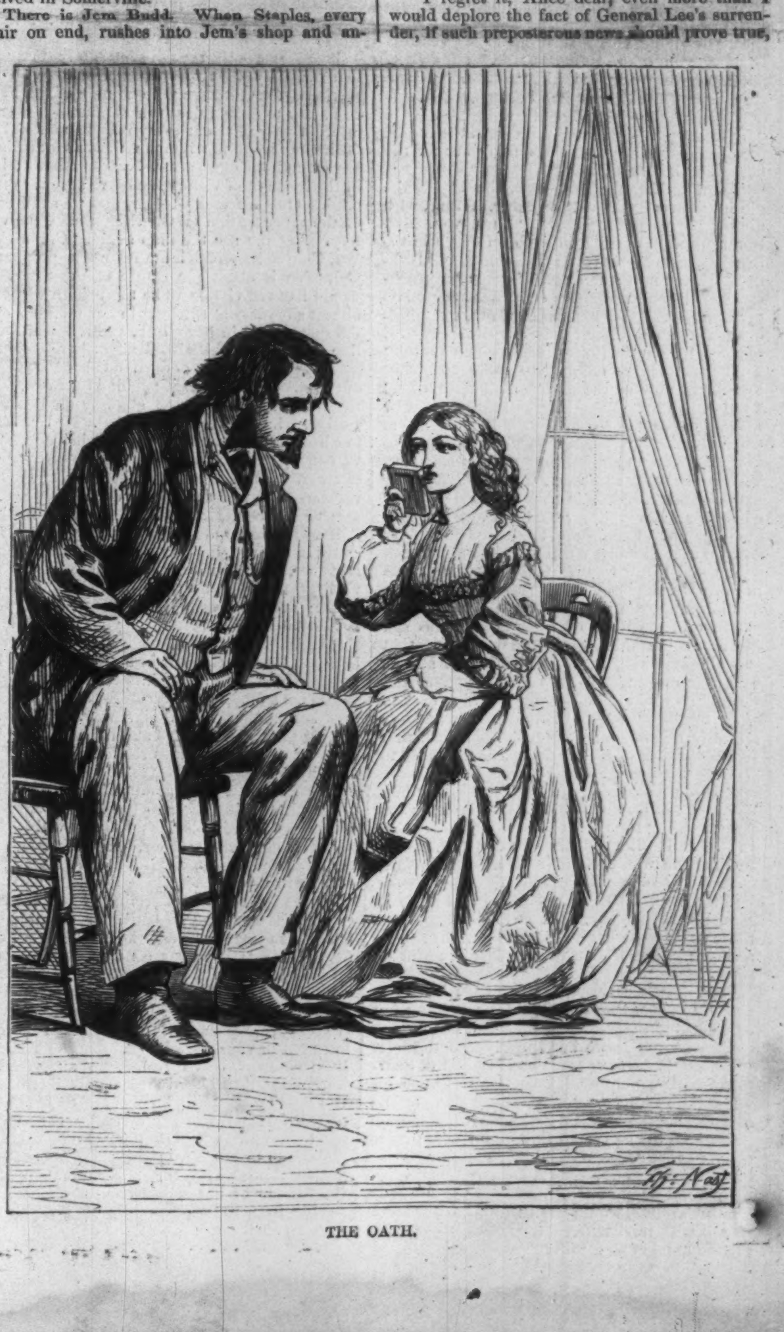
The fact is, no sentiment, whatever it was, whether Union or Secession, has ever been advanced in Jem's hearing since the war began which has not met in Jem a ready assent. Like hundreds of thousands of others at the South during this period, Jem has but put in practice Talleyrand's famous maxim—that words were given to us to enable us to conceal our thoughts.

There is Mr. Ferguson, too. Very eagerly he pastes in the dispatch announcing the assassination, with every thing relating to it, but as the grandest of all the lies, the very blossoming and perfection of the lies of the period. Only his sincere affection for Mr. Arthur will afford him patience with the unaffected belief that gentleman gives to the news from the outset. He even condescends, the Scotchman, to argue with his friend. Mr. Lincoln would have been assassinated in Richmond if at all. How could he have been killed in a crowded theatre, and the murderer escape? Besides, it is known that Mr. Lincoln is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and consequently no attendant at theatres. Can not Mr. Arthur see that the news is manufactured to accompany and neutralize the tidings of Lee's surrender? The trick is too transparent.

A tremendous amount of evidence it took to convince us Secessionists that Vicksburg had fallen, and all the rest; we do not want to believe it, you observe, therefore we won't. Alas, we should all be descended from the same Adam! But the amount of evidence it required to satisfy us Union people that Burnside was repulsed on the Rappahannock and the like is incredible. If the heart would not get so dreadfully in the way of the head!

As wide apart as Heaven and Hades are the brutal rejoicings of red-faced Mrs. Smithers and the sincere regrets of Mrs. Bowles over the same event. Not even Mrs. Smithers's deliberate and permanent sentiment, let us hope.

"I regret it, Alice dear, even more than I would deplore the fact of General Lee's surrender, if such preposterous news should prove true,



THE OATH.

which I can not for one instant believe. I thank God the miserable wretch who did the dreadful deed was no South Carolinian—a Yankee, I am told, or from some State bordering thereupon. For Mr. Lincoln you well know my unspeakable loathing, but I would rather be even his wife than the wife of his assassin. Read on, Alice." For Mrs. Bowles has stopped her daughter in her reading of the paper to say that much.

"Poor dear Mrs. Bowles! Heaven knows I never loved her so much in all our long, long knowledge of each other as I do now," is Mrs. Sorel's frequent remark of her to Mr. Arthur. "She has not been in my house for years, nor I in hers, lest I should distress her with my presence, as you know. She regards me with—with aversion, or rather horrified amazement, because I can not believe with her in Secession. I have no feeling for her—how could I have?—but one of love and pity. Alice told me about her when she was here last, reduced to a shadow, pale and fragile as a flower, her hair all white now with mental distress, yet quiet and refined and still. I tell you, Mr. Arthur," adds placid Mrs. Sorel, herself the counterpart of the one she is describing, and with warmth, "I am an old woman now. I once lived in as elevated though plain a circle as this country possesses, but I never saw a human being who came so near my ideal of a perfect Christian lady as Mrs. Alice Bowles. I see what you are thinking about," she adds, with a smile, to Mr. Arthur, who flushes over face and ears at her glance. "Yes, and you will be a most fortunate man, as the phrase runs, if you succeed there. Alice has something of her father's obstinacy—willfulness you would prefer having it called; is of stronger character than her mother; will have all her mother's sweetness if she has all her mother's amount of trial, discipline, sorrow."

"Do you think, Mrs. Sorel," begins Mr. Arthur, eagerly—"do you imagine there is any hope for me? Her mother has such horror of my Union opinions I no longer even enter the house. Alice, you know, has long since ceased to attend church. She is so engaged in her school, too, I never see her."

"I have never asked Alice," says Mrs. Sorel, with a smile, "but I do not think you need despair. Wait till the war is over. You two are undergoing discipline which is good for you both—"

"That abominable school," breaks in her impulsive friend. "The idea of a woman who would adorn a throne teaching! And teaching such children as we have in Somerville! Wasting her health."

"She is doing no such thing. I never saw her looking more beautiful in my life than when she was here on that last Saturday. Propriety requires that, under all the painful circumstances, painful and peculiar circumstances of the case, she should cease to attend your church. Besides, you do not realize, Sir," adds Mrs. Sorel, very gravely indeed, "how poor, how very poor Mrs. Bowles has become. Alice is doing, and doing eagerly and well, her simple duty in supporting her mother. And it is just the discipline Alice needs to qualify her for the new times before us."

"New? Yes, the bran-new, the happy, the glorious times before us!" says Mr. Arthur, with almost boyish enthusiasm. "I tell you, Mrs. Sorel, we are entering on such an epoch in the history of America as even that blessed old Bishop Berkeley never dreamed of when he prophesied of the star of empire centuries ago. Slavery and Secession forever rooted out, one glorious flag from the Arctic circle to the equator, purified by our terrible ordeal, who can tell? That poor Mr. Barker may be in part right at last—ours may be the great millennial nation! I tell you, Robby," and Mr. Arthur, excited by his national, and of course without reference to his individual prospects regarding Alice, claps that sedate young gentleman on the shoulder, "we will have grand times, won't we?"

"When Mr. Brooks is back for good? Yes," adds that sober youth, "and I know the time ain't far off. People don't ask me these days how that Abolitionist Arthur comes on, nor yell at me and throw rocks. Only last time I was in town Mr. Staples stopped me to shake hands and ask after you all. He was as kind as you please, told me just to let *him* know if his son Joe ever said a thing out of the way to me, that was all. Humph, I saw Dr. Ginnis go all the way over the street to stop Mr. Ferguson, and insisted on shaking hands, which it ain't easy to get Mr. Ferguson to do with any body; and I've heard Dr. Ginnis tell Jem Budd, long ago, that that old traitor of a Scotch Abolitionist ought to be hung high as Haman."

"That will do, Robby," interrupts his mother, checking with uplifted hand Robby's eager experiences. "I am too old for all this, Mr. Arthur. It bewilders me. Charleston and Columbia, the whole of my native State, in fact, so terribly scourged! You must excuse me—we South Carolinians can not help it. I smile at Mrs. Bowles, and am just as foolish about the State as she. I don't like to hear or talk or think about it. The Judge of all the earth will do right."

And it is just this that more than bewilders good Mrs. Bowles too. The long holding out of Charleston elevated it and South Carolina to even a degree above her already-intense idolatry of them. She regarded the arrival of Sherman at Savannah, and his setting out upon his march into South Carolina without one particle of apprehension; with joy rather. Napoleon never had, in the fullest tide of his victories, so calm, so confident, so absolutely exultant a sense of approaching success in a battle. So surely as the sun shone, so surely as South Carolina was South Carolina, would the insulting foe meet on its soil with terrible defeat. Mrs. Bowles could see the hand of God in it:

"Your dear native State, Alice, and mine began this great revolution, and will end it. Heaven has permitted a Federal army to get to the State by an unexpected military movement, by almost a miracle, for this purpose. How little does that man Sherman think it! I thank God from my soul. Who of us could have arranged, or even have imagined it all so well? People will flock for generations to South Carolina as they now do to Waterloo, or as I am told they sometimes do to Yorktown there in Virginia. That the Thermopylæ of our revolution should be there! I loved the State before; henceforth every grain of its sand, the leaves of its every tree are dear to me; every one born on its dear surface is to me dearer than relatives. Remember it, Alice—henceforth let your own South Carolina—how musical the very name!—be next with you to heaven and God!" and the thin, pale, classic face glows with enthusiasm. "You know I told you, Alice, all the two weeks during which we had those rumors of the capture of Sherman in Georgia, I knew—hoped, at least, it could not be true. South Carolina, I felt, was to be the hallowed spot."

"The people of Savannah do not seem to be as patriotic," begins Alice.

"Actually admitting the Federals without burning their cotton, receiving food at their hands. That illustrates what I am saying," Mrs. Bowles interrupts Alice, with enthusiasm; "do you not see it is as a foil to Charleston? The very contrast between Georgia and our State, between Savannah and Charleston, will show the world what South Carolina is. To think the two States are actually contiguous!"

How can Mrs. Bowles's eager expectation of the news of the great battle be described? Most seriously did Alice tremble for her mother's very mind. No other topic was on her mother's lips when they are sewing together on Saturdays and by night. No other thought in her mind while alone, Alice teaching in the little front office. Waking often during the night at every distant sound, fancying the arrival of the news in every distant cry, in every footstep passing. Even Rutledge Bowles is comparatively forgotten, though in every prayer for him—and they ascend as from an ever-burning altar—more than for his health, more than for his life even, is it her supplication that, if it please God, Rutledge Bowles may have part in the great victory. Better, far better his death on that glorious field than that he should be absent from it!

How describe the steady arrival of the news of Sherman's unopposed march across the State!

"They are gathering, concentrating the army somewhere further north in the State to make the victory complete and final!" she explains to Alice, repeating it over and over. Alice breaks the fall of Charleston to her tremblingly as she would the death of a dear friend.

"Only evacuating it, child, for a few days, so little do you understand of military matters. You see, they wish to swell the army with its garrison, so as to leave not one man of the Federal army to escape death or capture—yes, capture. I pray God our army may be merciful in the hour of its great triumph; their awful wrongs are enough to exasperate, Heaven knows; but in the moment of victory the brave are ever merciful. Only a few days, dear, and we shall hear of the reoccupation of Charleston after the victory. Let me see the map again. Columbia? Yes, Columbia—see if I am not a true prophet—Columbia is about the centre of the State. I would like the victory to be there." And Alice almost shudders at the light in her mother's eye, the spot of red in her cheek, the uncertain motion of her thin white hand about her forehead.

Ah, that wandering of the hand about the edges of the smooth white hair, rubbing the brow, with the thoughtful eyes fixed absently on book, or sewing, lying neglected in the lap. As Dr. Warner has told Alice and Mrs. Bowles herself many, very many times, the poor lady is wearing herself literally to a shadow by her intense excitement. Alice and the Doctor do all they can.

"Thank you, Dr. Warner; don't be foolish, Alice. I need no medicine or rest. I never felt better in my life; hardly ever felt so well. When it comes, Alice, bring me the accounts of the victory—that will be the best medicine in the world; next to hearing it from Rutledge Bowles I want to have it first from your lips, Alice." But the poor frail hand wanders about the forehead, and Alice clasps it in hers, and kisses her mother there, and bursts into tears.

"What a fond, foolish creature you are, Alice?" says her mother, half indignantly. "You are getting positively nervous and morbid, confining yourself so to that odious school. You sew too steadily."

"But mother, dear mamma," ventures Alice, Dr. Warner being there to back her, "suppose, after all, the Federals should not be whipped?"

"You cowardly croaker," says Mrs. Bowles, gently but pityingly. "But I don't blame you, at least in this case. There has been no battle upon the soil of South Carolina yet—a skirmish or two, perhaps, but no battle for you to judge by. I can not say," remarks Mrs. Bowles, with displeasure, "that your conduct, Alice, has at all satisfied me since this revolution began. I regret to speak so in the presence of another, but it is so. I can not, I do not understand it. It probably is your sewing too closely, the confinement in your school, the absence of Rutledge Bowles, our altered fortunes. Wait, you poor spirited thing, till our independence is secured." Her mother adds, with loving hand on her daughter's head: "If Rutledge Bowles consents we will then return to Charleston. The change will do both of us good."

Poor Alice! Only the day before, seeing from the window of her school-room Mr. Ellis going up the front walk, apparently on a visit to her mother, in the impulse of the moment she had run out and arrested his steps.

"Oh, Mr. Ellis!" she said, "how are you? And how is Mrs. Ellis and the children?"

"As well as usual, Miss Alice," replies Mr. Ellis, somewhat surprised at her manner, and perceiving that she has something more to say.

"Will you excuse me, Mr. Ellis?" she adds, the color flushing her cheek; "but mamma is very much excited and nervous. Please say nothing to confirm her in her delusion. I do not exactly mean that. Please try and prepare her for any disappointment in store for her." And, in her affection for her mother, Alice looks at him with the imploring eyes of a child.

"Delusion? Disappointment?" Mr. Ellis repeats the words, the strange light kindling in his eyes. "What can you mean?" And seeing her mother at the door, Alice can only murmur no explanation at all, and retreat to her school-room, leaving Mr. Ellis to proceed upon his visit.

It is as she expected. When she joins her mother a few hours after, it is to find her flushed with fresh certainty and enthusiasm of Confederate success, rather South Carolinian success.

"You are always croaking so, Alice," says Mrs. Bowles, with sparkling eyes, "as almost to affect my spirits. Good Mr. Ellis has spent an hour with me to-day. He confirms my utmost expectations of the speedy success of our cause. You can not tell how perfectly he has explained away all our late reverses. He has been informed beyond all question that Europe will intervene very, very soon now; by next mail we will hear. It is official, he says. Why, Alice, you know what a devotedly pious man Mr. Ellis is; and he told me that it was as impossible, if we do our duty, to defeat the Confederate cause as it was to dethrone the Almighty himself." And a vast deal more to the same effect.

Who can describe it? Steadily as the foot-fall of death to the dying comes the news that Sherman has swept across the State of South Carolina, is in possession of Fayetteville, North Carolina. No glorious Confederate victory in South Carolina. No serious fighting. Not the consolation even of a glorious defeat.

With positions singularly reversed, Alice watches and cares for Mrs. Bowles almost as a fond mother with an ailing child. Never more respectful and reverent to that mother than now. Mrs. Bowles has less and yet less to say with each passing day, bewildered, exhausted.

"Whatever our Heavenly Father thinks best," she says, with the hand, thinner every hour, wandering more frequently about the sunken temples, smoothing continually the hair whitening toward the hue of the garment of the saints in light. With what infinite affection does Alice minister to her wants, careful to conceal her assiduity, weeping during the watches of the night. For her mother's sake she could almost wish the Confederate cause to succeed; almost, not quite.

"Would you not like Mrs. Sorel to call and see you? She would like to so much, mamma; and you were girls together, you know," asks Alice the day she has read to her mother of the fall of Richmond. Perhaps the moment was ill chosen.

"No, my dear," replies Mrs. Bowles, decidedly though slowly, and with the trembling fingers hovering about her forehead. "We differ so widely upon the matter of deepest interest to me on earth. I love Mrs. Sorel dearly, but would rather not. I care for nothing now but Rutledge Bowles and yourself, for nothing in all the world."

And so rolls away the time with us in Somerville. As each disaster arrives, we indignantly deny and scout it as long as we possibly can; only it is pitiful, toward the last, how we only expect disastrous news, and take it with scarcely a perceptible wince, like an animal used to beating, pitiful to see.

Oh, may the God that rules the eternal hereafter as well as the present, deal out from His just bar fitting penalty to the accursed demagogues North and South who *deluded* the South into its frantic folly of Secession! At least, thanks be to God, that to each one of them will be dealt according to his deeds. Alas, may there not be an unhallowed satisfaction even in knowing and repeating the fact, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord?" Nearly five years now since we were all steeped in the gall; its bitterness is saturating the very soul.

However, if, like a swamp full of frogs, all good Secessionists in Somerville, Dr. Ginnis, as the biggest of the band, and with the deepest base, leading the croak, we are all croaking in inharmonious concert, there is this refrain in which we all fall back:

"Live under Federal rule? Stay in the country if the Yankees do subjugate it? I will go to Mexico first, live in South America, die first!" And so to the possibility, in any case, of existing as individuals under that accursed flag again, we all fall into full chorus, till earth and heaven ring again, "Never, never, never!"

"What amuses me most in you pious people, Simmons," says Dr. Peel, in continuance of his conversation with that exceedingly dignified and intoxicated gentleman, "is the desperate way you are trying—Barker, Ellis, Ginnis, Peters; in fact, all of you, good, genuine, praying Secessionists—to hold on to Christianity."

Never more carefully dressed in his life, bejeweled until some new light is perpetually flashing, with every motion, from hand and bosom, essenced until even the strong odors of the grocery are subjugated thereby, Dr. Peel's fine broadcloth and snowy linen seem radiant with his own exuberant spirits. Overflowing with life and conviviality, his remarks are almost exclusively oaths of as prolific and varied an abundance as the sparks of a fire-work, and as impossible to reproduce in any description thereof. From his heart of hearts Captain Simmons regards the Doctor as by far the most magnificent specimen of a genuine Southern man he has ever met; proud to be seen with him, never weary of quoting his brilliant speeches. And this is the very general opinion of Somerville. Bob Withers has very often remarked: "Dr. Peel? Well, yes. By George! Oh, hang it! Somehow I can't stand Dr. Peel!" And there is considerable mutual shyness between the two; but nobody minds Bob.

"Yes, hang on to their Christianity. That," says Dr. Peel, with impressive profanity, "seems to be the main business of you pious trained ones these days, Simmons. There is Mr. Ellis, insisting and insisting on the hand of God in this and the hand of God in that, over and over, nervous and trembling, like a school-boy afraid of forgetting his lesson. But Brother Barker's the man for my money. Preach! What a chance a pulpit and a Sunday gives a man, with a Bible open before him, of pitching into the Yankees! Colonel Ret Roberts is tame to Barker. But the praying! Twice every Sunday; two prayer-meetings during the week for the success of the Confederacy; opening every public meeting with prayer; to say nothing of our doings up there in the old C. C. If that poor fellow hasn't done his duty in cursing the Yankees, I'm mistaken. People have said I am a pretty hard swearer: for hard, strong, steady, desperate, raving, red-hot pouring it into the Federals in a religious fashion—blasphemy they would call it in me—I give it up to the Parson. He has got Christianity and the Confederacy so twisted together he can't separate the two to save his life. Hardly a verse in your mammy's Bible, Simmons, but these political preachers have used to prove the success of our glorious cause by. We must *not* permit the disasters of the times to discourage our belief in Christianity, brethren. Christianity is *not* dead, my hearers, Barker is repeating, I'm told, in every sermon and in every conversation, showing how desperately hard it is to believe in any part of Scripture if all it says about slavery as a divine ordinance prove false."

"Now there is Parson Arthur," begins Bob Withers, upon whom any audience to Dr. Peel's exuberant conversation has devolved, Mr. Wright being apparently asleep under his slouched hat, and Captain Simmons, half-humming, half-hiccuping, forgetful of his usual courtesy, what he can remember of a Sabbath-school hymn learned in his earliest childhood.

"Arthur!" breaks in Dr. Peel, with a sudden change of tone and manner, and even experienced Bob Withers opens his eyes at the unexpected and awful way in which his companion heaps imprecations upon that individual.

Could it have been owing to a visit made by Mr. Arthur to Dr. Peel not two hours before this? The two men had scarcely ever met. Truth to say, the minister had often seen passing along the streets, sitting on counters of stores into which he had dropped to make purchases, swearing and gesticulating in knots upon the sidewalk, the superb Southern gentleman in question. Nor did he withhold a certain admiration we all give to Health, in its full development in any thing, from the noble proportions, full chest, commanding bearing of the man. He had fancied that so Hercules was imagined by the old pagan poets—the bold protuberant brow, the massy countenance with its aureole of curly black hair and beard, and large black eyes, open and fearless. There was a full life in the man, a force and a sway; a sort of Assyrian power, even, in the costly adornments of Dr. Peel, which wonderfully arrested the attention of the minister, interested, almost fascinated, while it repelled him, himself being of so unlike a type. But never had they exchanged a syllable—Mr. Arthur doubly shy of one whom he knew to have perhaps as thoroughly denounced him on political grounds as any one—even Mrs. Smithers or Mrs. Warner—in Somerville.

It was but natural in Dr. Peel, then, that he should be surprised, on the occasion alluded to, when Mr. Arthur, with scarce a preliminary knock at the door of his room at Staples's Hotel, walked in that evening after supper.

"I have called in but for a moment," remarked the visitor, with his hat upon his head, and in a tone and with a manner totally unlike his style of address to any other gentleman in Somerville; "and but to make one syllable of remark to you."

Dr. Peel rises involuntarily from the table at which he is seated writing, the first astonishment on his bold face giving swift place under the eye and bearing of his visitor to a manner singularly like that worn by him during all his intercourse with Lieutenant Ravenel in the same apartment.

"You know me, you know my sentiments, you know my exact position," says Mr. Arthur, coldly and slowly. "I have been informed by Colonel Brooks of yours. The instant he learned fully who you were he hastened to this place at the peril of his life—peril of his life from both sides. He has left me only a moment ago. I am here now. I would have got to you to-night, wherever you were, if I had died for it. I know your case fully, exactly, completely," continues Mr. Arthur, the tone and manner conveying more meaning than the words. "I speak to you partly on behalf of Colonel Brooks. I would have spoken to you on my own behalf. I came to tell you that I know every thing. I am the only person in this region that does. I came to say to you I can not help your being here. I would give millions it were not so if I could. Under all the circumstances, I can not order you to leave. I wish I could. But, understand me perfectly, I intend keeping the closest watch upon you I possibly can. The instant you step out of your—your place, I will take necessary means to stop you. That is all. You must not understand that I do not in a certain sense—a *certain* sense," repeats Mr. Arthur, with peculiar emphasis—"pity you." The visitor is evidently touched by the indescribable and total change in Dr. Peel's manner as he stands before him. "That is all. You are safe up to a certain point. Take care."

And the preacher has left the room as suddenly, yet as coolly too, as he entered it, leaving Dr. Peel, who has not even attempted to speak, wilted down behind him. Yes, wilted down is the word, whatever rallying of passions there may be afterward; as if some gorgeous palm-tree were to have the life suddenly withdrawn from its towering height and tropical foliage.

Whether this were the cause or not, there is no telling how long Dr. Peel may have continued, on the occasion of Bob Withers's mention of Mr. Arthur, to have cursed him; nor how zealously Bob, risen somewhat unsteadily to his feet to do so, might have wielded his cudgels in favor of Mr. Arthur, whom never since the war began has he failed to defend on every instance of attack, and the instances are very many of Mr. Arthur's being denounced in his presence: no telling, we say, how long the altercation may have proceeded, when a singular diversion therefrom occurs.

"Dr. Peel," says Alonzo Wright, whom all had supposed asleep, suddenly rising from his seat, pushing back his slouched hat, which has all along covered his silent broodings not slumbering, drawing his revolver, cocking it, pressing it against Dr. Peel's broad chest, with his finger on the trigger—"Dr. Peel, look here: I want to know, now and here, what do you mean?"

"Mean?" Dr. Peel is of a ghastly sallow as he asks the question, not daring to stir a hair's-breadth; even Captain Simmons stops his maudlin chant, and, with Bob Withers, is silent with amazement, as much at the sudden and peculiar tone of Mr. Wright as at his action.

"Mean? In reference to what?" Dr. Peel rather gasps than articulately asks the question, quailing under the deadly light in Mr. Wright's small, half-closed eyes, as well as at that cold peculiar voice.

"In reference to her," replies that individual.

"Oh!" It is but an exclamation from Dr. Peel's parched lips; but it indicates at least partial relief. "You forget that others are present, Mr. Wright. I will speak with you alone on that point with the greatest pleasure," he adds immediately.

"Humph! That is a fact. I had forgotten they were here with us. I was thinking. Come now;" and, slipping his revolver, after uncocking it, into its leather case at his side, Mr. Wright rises.

"With pleasure. In one moment, Sir. But one word, gentlemen," says Dr. Peel, pausing at the door. "You will oblige me, oblige both Mr. Wright and myself, by making no allusion whatever to this little matter. I beg your promise on your honor you will not mention it to any one, gentlemen," adds the speaker, still more anxiously, as some new thought seems to pass over his mind at the instant. "Do I have it?" he asks, with eager look at each.

"Certainly," says Bob Withers, with a good-humored nod.

"Most assuredly you may rely upon my honor," adds Captain Simmons in his genteelest tones, with a reassuring wave of his left hand, and knowing nothing at all of what is going on. "Permit me to entreat you, however, not to abandon the flowing bowl, which inebriates, though, alas! under our depressing circumstances, it fails to cheer."

But the two are gone. Nor is there any record of their conversation thereafter. Only this—an old family servant testifies to having overheard Dr. Peel remark the next afternoon to Mr. Wright in the parlor at the latter gentleman's house, a few moments before Anne comes in to give them, at her father's request, a little music. The two gentlemen had arrived from town very late the night before. Pretty much all day they had spent in riding out over the plantation in company. At dinner the servants, as well as Anne, had remarked that Mr. Wright, though pale and exhausted as he always was after an excess, was in the highest, wildest spirits, peculiarly affectionate toward his daughter. Dr. Peel, on the other hand, attracted the attention even of the dullest of the servants waiting upon the table. At times he would join in the conversation, lead it in his liveliest manner, full of anecdote and laughter. Again his countenance would fall, he would cease to converse, seem to be buried in deepest thought, sallow, drooping, drinking eagerly and frequently of the wine upon the table, and, after dinner, upon the side-board, as if to obtain a supply of animation which had been suddenly cut off from within.

The very servants waiting upon the table and about the house that and the ensuing days compared notes in the kitchen even then, as well as months afterward, upon the singularity of Dr. Peel's manner toward their young mistress. Now addressing himself to her in his easy, bold, sparkling way as of old, although by an evident effort, as if he forced himself to do so against his natural choice. Then glancing at her again furtively, fearingly, with an indescribable mixture of admiration and apprehension, not without quick side looks as of deadliest terror at Mr. Wright himself, playing the host with all the ease of the master of a household toward a favored and welcome guest.

But it was this which the old house-servant Alfred spoke of often after as having overheard Dr. Peel say to Mr. Wright, in evident pursuance of a previous conversation:

"You may rest confident, Sir, that it will not be by my fault. But I have little hope. I fear, greatly fear you are mistaken."

"Stuff, nonsense, Doctor. I will take the chances on you any how," Alfred testifies to his master's having made reply just as Anne entered the room. "Faint heart, man, never won fair lady." And surely father had never cause to be prouder of or more affectionate toward a daughter than did Mr. Wright this afternoon. No wonder he so openly manifests that pride and affection.

You may have observed, Miss, or Madam—you, Sir, certainly have—how the ladies, especially the younger ones, suddenly and surprisingly bloom out upon our planet in the early spring. It may be some cunning alteration in their dress, doing with subtle skill for themselves, in the way of adornment, what the Creator does then for bird and butterfly and flower. Or it may be that nature, in clothing at that season the plains with verdure, the lower animals with freshness of skin and plumage, forgets not to give then a softer light to the eye, a sweeter dew to the lip, a deeper bloom to the cheek, a gentler ripeness to the form in the case of woman, who is undoubtedly the dearest to her heart of all Dame Nature's numerous family. And, it may be, the eye and the imagination are themselves quickened by the stirrings of spring in us men also to view things in a brighter light. Whatever be the reason therefor the fact is so.

And never woman that May morning exemplified it more than did Anne Wright. Clothed in a modest dress of some creamy hue, her fair hair in abundant curls about face and neck, her complexion of a softer glow, and her eyes of a deeper blue, she beams upon her father and upon his guest with a beauty surpassing any thing they had either of them ever before imagined in her. Her every motion and tone even are modulated to a livelier, at the same time gentler, melody. Who knows what presentiments connected with their visitor were not moving in her blood?

When left alone together in the parlor by Mr. Wright, who has to see for a moment to the first plowing of his corn, Dr. Peel and Anne know before a word is spoken that the eventful hour of their lives has arrived. It is the man not the woman who is embarrassed. Quiet and modest and pure as she is, the whole thing is with her so much a matter known and settled as to bring no new, or intensely agitating, thought with it. During the years now of Dr. Peel's visiting at her father's house, though he has made no formal proposals, she has learned perfectly well that he loves her, and that—she loves him.

But it is strange so bold a man as Dr. Peel, one so supremely self-satisfied and independent in bearing heretofore, should seem as if smitten by an ague. His face has grown of an ashen yellow, contrasting badly with hair and eyes so dark. And there is a furtiveness about these latter, a trembling about the large and bejeweled hands, an irresolution and timidity, upon which Anne grounds her own quietness and composure. In fact, the two seem to have completely changed places, only there is something altogether indescribable in the bearing of Dr. Peel, to which even the words mean and cowardly may be given. To any other than poor little Anne he would have the aspect rather of a condemned criminal cowering under sentence than of a confident lover. The simple fact is, strange as it may seem, Dr. Peel seeks to know his fate at Anne's hands to-day, only because the alternative is to receive it in more serious shape still at the hands of her father.

"But I am anxious you should know—should not be deceived. In fact, if you knew all I know you would—I am convinced it would be useless in me to expect your favor."

It is Dr. Peel who says it, more nervous and miserable even than when, half an hour before, his conversation with Anne began. But Anne only laughs, as composed as he is the reverse, laughs a joyous and confident laugh.

"I am a poor man," continues the lover, and repeats it eagerly, as if it was a sudden and welcome thought—"a poor man, a very poor man, indeed. You may have imagined me to be rich. I confess I have given you false impressions on that point. I am extremely poor, Miss Anne; not at all able to support you as you should wish and naturally expect." And he looks at her with eager eyes.

Anne laughs more than ever. "You have told me that you love me," she says, as if she loved to repeat the assertion. "What do you think I care about whether you are rich or poor?"

Dr. Peel walks the room like a baffled man. Another thought strikes him. He eagerly seizes upon a gilded Bible lying upon the table, advances upon Anne as if to say something, then returns it in haste to the same spot as eagerly, and continues to walk the room in evident distress of mind.

"Dr. Peel," says Anne, at last, a blush burning over neck and face, "I do not understand all this. If you do not really love me, do not really wish—"

But Dr. Peel is at her feet before the words are out of her lips, in passionate accents assuring her of his affection, only there is the cowering, fearful manner over it all, hardly venturing to look her in the eyes even in his warmest protestations. "No, no, no, not that, not that, Miss Anne. I only was anxious to save you from—not to deceive you," he says, hurriedly. "You will see what proof I give of affection." And he goes to the table, gets the Bible, and seats himself beside her as with a desperate calmness. "That you may not blame me I am about to put my life in your hands. Will you swear not to reveal to any one what I tell you?"

Anne laughs, wonders a little, gazes upon the anxious face of her lover, lays her little hand upon the book, curiosity creeping uppermost. "Why, what in the world," she begins.

"What I tell you will shock you terribly. If it were known to your father he would kill me instantly, here in this room."

Anne gazes upon the agitated man with blue eyes widening with wonder, curiosity, and deeper affection for this splendid suppliant. "It will not bind me a bit more than I would have been," she says, at last. "Yes, to please you, I'll swear; and I do wish you and pa would let me do all the swearing." And she lifts the book to her lips.

"Not even to your father?" says Dr. Peel.

"Not to a living soul. Why, what on earth?"

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, in most impressive manner and with lower tones, "you and your father have been greatly mistaken in me. I am—am no Secessionist at all; I am a —a—Union man."

Anne sits looking at him with wonder, taking full note of his, to her, handsome face and form; it is as if an emperor kneeled at her feet. "A Union man! Why, Dr. Peel, who would have thought of it?" troubled, wondering, bewildered for whole minutes.

"I knew you would reject me when you knew it. And I swear to you it is so," continues Dr. Peel, watching her face with painful inquiry.

"A Union man? Why, who in the world! Oh yes," Anne adds, rapidly, half in earnest. "It's a great pity, a very great pity. Pa and I thought you the very best Southern man we ever knew. But then I'll give you pa's newspapers to read. Besides, I could convert you myself. I will tell you all how they treated us, about—wasn't it about Kansas or Nebraska? one or the other; and how they wanted to free our negroes, and what women's rights people they are, and all their terrible atrocities, and the way they have marched their soldiers over our country burning and plundering. Oh, ever so much! I am certain I could convert you"—glowing with beautiful confidence—"positively certain!"

"Never, Miss Anne. Not even you. I always have been a Union man. Will be one for ever and ever," says Dr. Peel, very slowly, and Anne sits wondering and troubled, while her lover watches her with anxiety.

"Ha! I never thought of it. Dr. Warner there in Somerville, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Brooks; there is Mr. Arthur, too—ever so many in Somerville are Union people, they say," breaks in Anne, at last, "and they are not such desperately bad people either. Besides," and the artless girl puts her fair curls from her glowing cheeks, and laughs with delight, "there is Mrs. Sorel, and the girl I love most in the world, Alice Bowles. I know she is Union; she told me so herself; or, at least, she wouldn't say she wasn't, couldn't make her do it when she was here last week. Yes," added Anne, eagerly, and with a blush, "and Alice's own mother, too, is a good Secessionist; and I needn't be Union, must I? Please not. I never thought of that. Yes," she added, with the glad haste of a child, "and then the war is over. Pa himself says we are whipped. Very soon there won't be such names as Union men and Secessionists at all, will there?" And the difficulty has passed as entirely away beneath her artless affection as a cloud before a summer's wind. "If you only say you really and truly love me," she adds, with archness and joy.

"Love you? I love you as the flowers do the light. I adore you as you adore God," breaks out Dr. Peel, with feverish energy, but with the cowering eyes, the shrinking and apprehension of manner as before. And again the baffled lover walks the room, Bible in hand, in deepest, most painful thought, while Anne wonders and —loves.

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, "I have not told you all yet. Remember your oath," and he holds up the Bible in his hand. "My life is in your hands. There is another thing I must tell you. If your father but guessed it, had the faintest suspicion of it, he would shoot me down here as sure as you are sitting there. Had I better *not* tell you? You will reject me with horror."

Anne looks at him with blue eyes opening again with wonder. But love is fast rallying all other sentiments in her heart, for it is master of all else in a woman, to its support. Here is this man, whom yesterday she loved yet so feared, the grandest and most powerful of all men she ever knew, he is at her feet, has put his utmost confidence in her, will hide nothing from her, places even his life in her hands.

"I have sworn; you need not fear me." She wonders and laughs—"Why, what on earth?"

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, coming near her and speaking in lowest tones, "I am an altogether different man from what your father and yourself have supposed me to be—totally different in every sense. I am not an officer in the service of the Confederacy. I am, really and truly, an agent, have been from the opening of the war an agent, an active secret agent of—the Federal Government. I am one this moment. I intend to be one so long as the Government wants me. There! All I ask is that you only reject me, not tell your father or any one else till I can get away." And Dr. Peel, with ashen face and cowering eyes as before, watches her lips as if for his destiny.

Poor Anne! The matter is altogether too much for such lovely curls, and blue eyes, and roseate complexion, and lithe, childish form. She is bewildered, stunned; passes her hand wearily over her brow, tries to think. Love bestirs itself in her bosom, summons all the sentiments of the soul to its aid. Romance! Anne has long dreamed of a hero of romance as her true knight; if ever woman had such a lover she now has. There is a glory and a grandeur, too, these latter days, in the very name of the Federal Government; it is something very much to be detested, but very powerful and magnificent; and all this vague grandeur now falls like a mantle around her lover. Pity, too. Yes, if my father knew it he would lay him dead on that floor. One little whisper to her father, and—she knows him well—there are the rapid cracks of a revolver, and this stately Prince of hers lies his length on that parlor floor a dead man in his blood. Her lover is in her power, and he deliberately placed himself there—such his confidence in her. Besides, it strikes her with wonderful force: what a brave man! To think of his spending years in Somerville, being here now with a sword suspended over his head—why, it is the very chivalry of romance! Love him? She never so dreamed of loving him. She loves him the more she thinks. Reject him? Reject him now she knows all this? It would be like rejecting the whole universe!

"Dr. Peel," she says at last, lifting up her eyes like those of a little child to his face, "did you say that you loved me, loved me really and truly?"

With singular contrariety between cowering eyes and impassioned words, Dr. Peel renews his protestations vehemently.

"I will marry you," she says, quietly and simply; placing, as she says it, her little hand in his.

The strong man is convulsed with emotions beyond his control. He grasps the little, soft hand, and lets it go. He groans and curses half aloud. He actually weeps. Anne notices the beads of perspiration start upon his brow. He lifts her hand to his lips, and lowers it again before touching it with them. And all through his agony it is with cowering eyes. Anne is astonished. There rises against her love a great amazement, which, like a billow, threatens to overtop and bear it down.

She follows him with alarmed as well as wondering eyes while he, again risen from her side, paces the floor in agonies of perplexity. The tears actually trickle unnoticed by him down his cheeks; he grinds his teeth, and curses under breath.

"Miss Anne," says he, at last, "I have not told you all even yet. The worst is to come, infinitely the worst. Do you think you could love me, be my wife, cleave to me whoever and whatever I am?"—but the emphasis he puts into the words can not be written. "Don't answer yet. Think. Imagine of me the worst possible thing that your imagination can frame—the very worst—the very, very, *very* worst. Stop! Do not be in a hurry. Think!" And the man ventures to look straight at her, with the look, ghastly and dreadful, of a criminal convicted of the foulest of crimes.

"Dr. Peel, I am an innocent country girl," says Anne, at last, even plaintively. "I have had no mother to guide me since I was a little child. All you have told me this morning has astonished and shocked me. I am so bewildered I can hardly think at all. But one thing I know. You have told me a thousand times this afternoon that you love me with all your heart. I can not understand what you mean by what you now say. But I know that I love you and will marry you. Is not that enough?" asks Anne, like a little child. "Though what in the world you mean—"

"Halloo, man! did ever a fellow need more than that?" It is Mr. Wright, who breaks in upon them, having opened the door unperceived by either in their excitement. "Why, Peel, you look more as if you had seen a ghost. You little rascal, Anne, I didn't know you could cow and terrify a man so, you little Tartar! Yes, I heard her, Doctor. All right! Kiss me before you go, Anne. The fact is, Dr. Peel, I have taken a fancy to you! I knew it was all stuff what you insisted about Anne's not having you. It was because you had not asked her—and no one would ever have suspected *you* of holding back!" And Mr. Wright rattles on in the highest spirits.

Before night Dr. Peel, after an interview with Anne, has arranged with Mr. Wright that the marriage is to take place almost immediately—for pressing reasons. "Meanwhile we will keep it all, of course, a profound secret. And I must leave the day of the wedding with Miss—Miss Anne: most pressing and important business," the lover says.

Dr. Peel may be a happy man, but he seems to be singularly cold and hard—with always the cowering eyes.

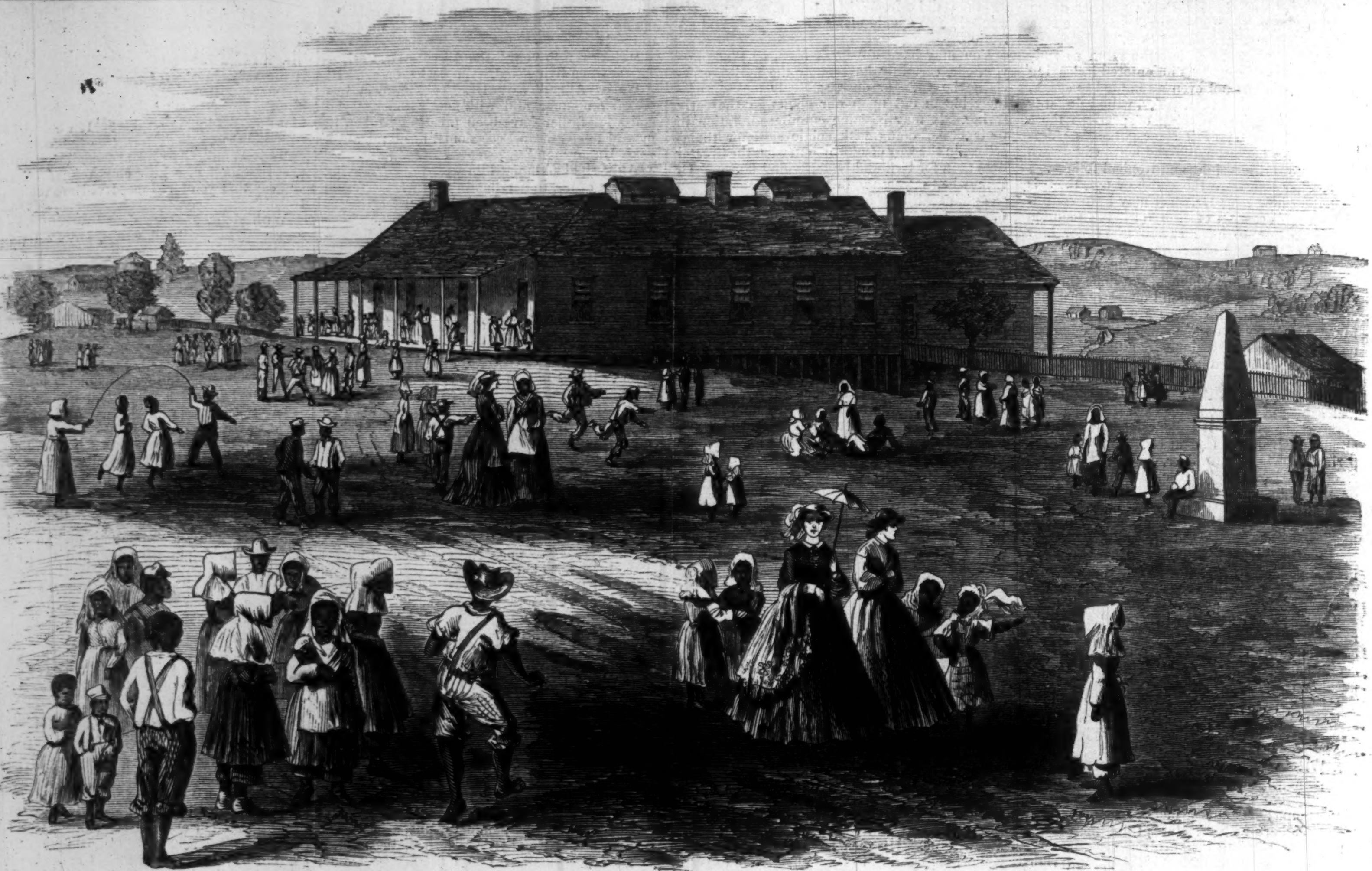
AT SEA.

FAR away, the flowers are growing,
And the sweet June breezes blowing,
Rich warm light on hay-fields glowing,
Sleepy cattle, homeward going,
By the leafy hedgerows lowing,
Lights and shadows waver o'er,
Lovingly, the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

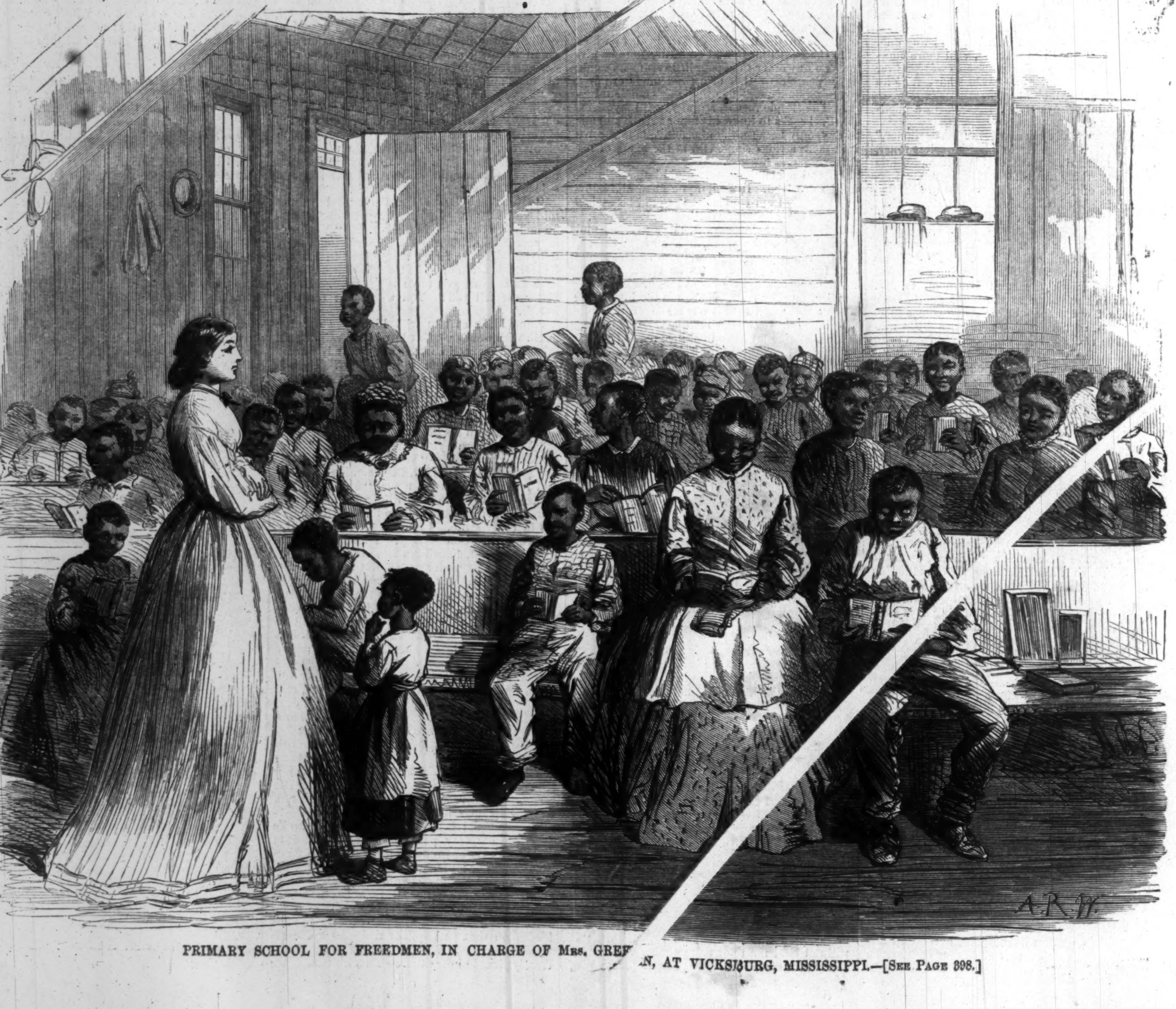
Here the winds are round us sighing,
And the desert waves replying,
And the sea-bird skimming, flying
Round our ship, her rough track plying,
Day and night still changing, dying
Round our course—for evermore
Passing from the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Far away dear hearts are sending
Thoughts of love, all space transcending;
Dear and honored knees are bending,
Voices sweet for us ascending,
Many a note of blessing blending—
Mighty blessings, following o'er,
Guard us to that other shore,
Far, far away.

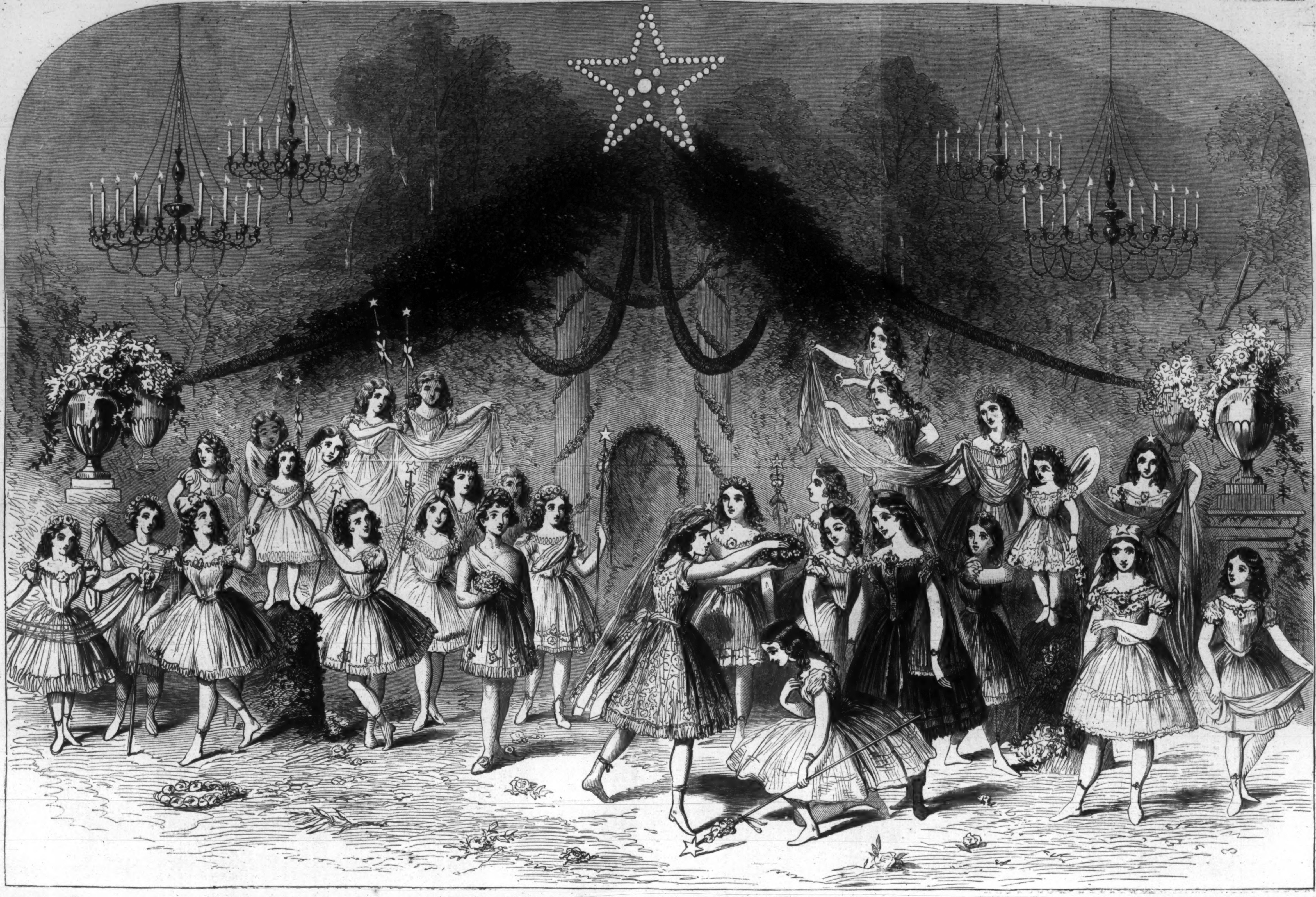
Moonlight on the waters sleeping!
Sun, in golden glory steeping!
Stars, your watch above us keeping!
Waves about us rolling, leaping!
Winds those liquid mountains heaping,
Light us, roll us, bear us o'er
To that other unknown shore,
Far, far away.



NOON AT THE PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 398.]



PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN, IN CHARGE OF MRS. GREE[illegible]N, AT VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 398.]



MAY-DAY FESTIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[See Page 398.]

BARS IN THE LANE.

By GEORGE COOPER.

AFTER the milking was over
Annie would follow the cows
Half a mile, down to the clover,
And turn them in to browse.

Neat little figure is Annie,
Handling the bars in the lane,
Letting down ever so many
Just in the sunlight's wane.

Wild-roses blooming beside her
Match not her cheeks' lovely red;
And the leaves, trying to hide her,
Dance at her musical tread.

Witching curls peep from her bonnet—
Peep like bright birds from their nest!
And her heart—oh to have won it!—
Beats with a gentle unrest.

Lips may be humming a ditty,
And faces may show unconcern;
But secrets there are—what a pity
That some are so easy to learn!

Now while the robins are nesting
Why does she wait in the lane?
Though, if white arms need a resting,
No one, of course, could complain.

Lights in the farm-house are gleaming,
And bars must be laid in their place
But little Annie stands dreaming,
A blush on her beautiful face.

Is it late? Not that she cares now;
Ah! merry eyes, mild and brown,
Could you not tell why she wears now
Just the least mite of a frown?

Over the path by the hill-side
Some one would wander by night;
Some one who came from the mill-side,
Lured by two eyes that are bright.

Meadow and valley grow stiller
Under the earlier stars;
Would it be strange if the miller
Help Annie to put up the bars?

FLINT AND STEEL.

LOOKING at me now you can hardly realize what a gay, willful, careless girl I was in my teens, when I was Stella Martin, instead of "Grandma Flint." I was an only child, and my parents made an idol of me. Their love showed itself (the more's the pity) in letting me have my own way in every thing. Short of my running into fire or water, I do not think they ever restrained me, and unless it might have been the moon or stars, there was nothing I cried for that I did not have. When I went to school I met with resistance and discipline for the first time, but my gay temper, pretty looks, and coaxing ways made me a favorite with teachers and scholars, and I soon had my own way almost as much as ever.

When I was fourteen I declared myself tired of our quiet village life, and persuaded my parents to let the farm and remove to a large town, where I went to a fashionable school and made new and gay friends. I enjoyed myself thoroughly for nearly four years; then I met a power that no prayers or persuasions, no tears or passion of mine could move. The power of Death. It had never come near me before, but now it snatched away my dear, gentle, indulgent mother. My grief was so unreasonable and violent that my health became affected. I hated the town and its gayeties, and father gladly took me home to our quiet red farm-house on the hill, surrounded by its well-known corn-fields and pastures, and overlooking the winding river and straggling village.

There had been many changes in our absence, but the one that concerned me most was, that the Greens had moved away from the farm next ours, and it was now occupied by a family of orphan girls all younger than I, and under the care of a brother much older. Prissy Flint, the elder girl, soon came to see me and we became fast friends, for she was a tender, timid, loving little thing, always glad to be guided, and we were both mourning our mothers. We were constantly together, for our homes were only a quarter of a mile apart, and the path through father's corn-fields and along the locust-tree lane to the Flint orchard was a very pleasant walk.

The elder brother was away teaching, but Prissy had a great deal to say about him, and I soon learned that "brother Edmund" was the light and the law of her life. Every plan, every opinion, every wish had been formed by or must be referred to him. She quoted him, praised him, and referred to him till I was weary of his name and perfections. She was so unable to do any thing without his knowledge and approval that, with my hatred of control and dictation, I soon took a violent prejudice against him. It was strengthened by hearing his praises sung and his opinions deferred to by every one I met. At sewing-circles the girls would ask me: "Haven't you seen Edmund Flint yet?" "What a pity!" "You'll be sure to admire him." "But you needn't expect he'll admire you; he's as cold as ice." "Even you can't break his heart, Stella." "He hasn't any to break," said another. "Oh yes he has, but Stella isn't the kind for him. She isn't good nor steady enough."

"She won't dare to carry on in the singing seats when he gets home," said Sally Bowers.

"And why not, pray?" I retorted, losing patience at last.

"Well, you try and you'll find out—that's all," was the reply."

"Oh, don't," implored little Polly Colby—"Edmund Flint's as good as the minister. He makes us all behave."

"*I* shall not be afraid of him. I shall do just as I please."

"He won't let you go with Prissy then."

"One would think he was a king, by the way you all talk," I returned, scornfully. "I shall not bow down to him, you will see. And now do let's talk of something else."

As usual, my will prevailed. I had always been the queen and leader before I went away, and now, with my town dresses and manners, I had easily resumed my sceptre. Spring and summer passed away; I had recovered my old health and spirits; Prissy and I were more intimate than ever, and her brother was still absent. One Sunday morning I waited for her to call for me as usual on her way to church; waited till it was late, then hurried on alone, and, arriving heated and annoyed, found her in her place in the choir, and the "long prayer" begun. I was very irreverent then, and began to question her at once, but she only colored, and put her finger imploringly on her lips. Not a word would she speak till the prayer was over, and then only a hurried whisper.

"Don't, Stella, please; brother's here, and he never likes me to talk in church time."

I threw back my head scornfully, and caught a glimpse of a tall figure and a grave, brown face in the tenor row. I was careful not to look that way again. He should see that I, at least, took no interest in him, the conceited tyrant; but I couldn't help listening for his voice with great curiosity when the singing began. With all my wish to find fault I could only admire its perfect sweetness and wonderful flexibility and compass. This only irritated me the more, and I determined to plague him. If I couldn't make Prissy talk I would make her laugh, and as soon as the sermon was fairly under way I began to draw caricatures in my hymn-book and show them to her. I was very clever with my pencil, and soon had the poor girl in an agony of suppressed laughter, and could hear her brother moving uneasily.

I rejoiced, but not long, for a hand was placed on her shoulder, and a stern, handsome face bent down between us, whispered a few words that changed her laughter into remorseful tears. Not another look would she give at my sketches. I was not to be so easily put down, and soon had a new one passing around among the more reckless members of the choir. Presently Dick Price, the minister's son, a wild scamp of a boy, leaned over and said,

"Let's see the fun, Stella," and some one handed the book toward him. Hardly had he grasped it, when I heard that new voice, quick, low, and decided.

"Give it to me, Dick: are you not ashamed of yourself? If you have no reverence for God's house, you might, at least, have some regard for your father."

I felt that the book was surrendered, and an utter silence fell upon the gallery; and I knew that for that day, at least, my power had gone to my rival.

Mortified and angry, I sat through the remainder of the services, and almost hated my own voice when I found how beautifully it blended with his in the last hymn. Part of the music was arranged for two voices, and, either in mischief or in compliment to our superiority, it was left to the new-comer and me. Excitement, emulation, and defiance made my tones ring out like a bell. I knew I was doing wonderfully; but through the plaintive, minor strain, and along the old swinging fugue, and out into the burst of glad triumph at the close, went ever with mine, in perfect harmony, that clear, strong, vibrating tenor, soaring and falling and floating, strengthening, surrounding, and perfecting mine.

After it was over I remembered my anger and its cause, and, not wishing to encounter the remarks of the girls, I would not stay for Sabbath-school, but went home without even speaking to Prissy. In the afternoon I did not feel in spirits for any active mischief, but took satisfaction in pretending to sleep all through the sermon, and in avoiding Prissy's gentle attempts at conciliation.

In the evening I wandered restlessly out to walk, but had hardly left the gate when I saw Prissy and her brother coming. They were talking earnestly, and I had time to spring back and crouch behind some lilac bushes before they passed. Then I heard her soft voice pleading:

"But she is so bright and gay, so witty and pretty, and fond of me!—oh, brother!"

How my face burned as he replied:

"Beauty without gentleness, wit without reverence, intelligence without discretion. Such a character I can never admire, and I can not think her a desirable mate for my dear little sister."

I started up in angry tears and watched them as they walked away. I knew that timid little Prissy would give me up, but it was not she I watched so keenly, but her tall, manly brother, with his firm step, dark curly hair—cold, brown eyes, and resolute expression. There was nothing I could despise or ridicule. I had to acknowledge to myself that he was more attractive than any young man in town—one any girl might be proud of—and he had decided that I, the Queen of the Village, was unfit to be his sister's friend—I, who had been petted and courted all my life, in the place where he was a comparative stranger! From that moment a wild contradiction of feeling with regard to him possessed me—a determination to hate and defy, and a wild longing to gain his good opinion. "Such a character I can never admire" often rung in my ears, and stimulated now one and now the other of these feelings. "Beauty without gentleness, wit without reverence, intelligence without discretion!" Often and often, in self-humiliation, I would own it was true; and again I would passionately assure myself that he was hard and unjust.

We were constantly meeting in the choir, at singing-school, sewing circles, sleigh-rides, and all the village gatherings; but I had carefully avoided being introduced. Occasionally circumstances had compelled him to pick up my book or hand me a chair, but the civility was always coldly offered and haughtily accepted. Prissy had gone away to school.

Many weeks passed by, and my power and popularity waned, and Edmund's as steadily increased. One afternoon in November I went to help decorate the school-house for some exhibition or concert we were to have, to raise money for the church. He was not there, so I had a merry time, and, being interested, staid until all were gone except Ben and Sally Bowers. It was getting dark, and Sally ran home for another candle, our only one being low. All was done but the motto over the door, and that nearly finished, when the evergreen gave out. Ben hurried into the woods for more, leaving me alone for a few moments. I thought I would hang up the letter O we had just made; so, slinging it over my arm, and taking the candle in my hand, I climbed the ladder, and had just adjusted all to my satisfaction, when my feet somehow slipped, jerking me downward so suddenly that the sleeve of the arm I was holding above my head caught on a big nail and was held fast, while my left hand, which held the candle, was thrown against the crisp wreath, and they blazed up in an instant all around my face and fingers.

I could not free my right arm; every time I tried seemed to fix the stout sleeve more firmly, and only made the ladder tremble dangerously under me.

"Ben! Ben!" I shrieked, "Come quick! quick! I'm in trouble!" And then I heard a man's step and voice close by.

"Take the candle!" I cried, "and then get up here, somehow, and lift me down. My sleeve is caught, and I can't move, and the ladder is slipping!"

The candle was snatched in a moment, and then I heard one of the desks wrenched up, dragged below me, and some one tall springing upon it clasped my waist with strong, steady hands, lifted me, freed my sleeve, and, as the ladder fell from under my feet, held me close in his arms and jumped lightly to the floor. For one dizzy moment my head leaned against him, while the blazing wall, the dim rows of desks, and the wintry twilight landscape beyond the open door, blurred together and then were gone.

But the cold air revived me soon, and opening my eyes I looked up and found, with a start, Edmund Flint's dark face, softened and anxious, bending over me.

"Is it *you?*" I exclaimed, with ungrateful emphasis.

"Yes, it is I," he said, and his face became as cold as usual, as I straightened myself and stood alone and away from him.

For a moment we looked full and haughtily into each other's eyes, then mine fell, mastered, and I trembled as I said:

"Thank you for helping me so quickly and kindly. I don't know what I should have done. I am very much indebted to you."

He only bowed and went back to tear down and trample out the burning wreaths, while I went out and sat on the door-step waiting for Ben and Sallie, for I felt too weak to go home, and my burned hand pained me cruelly. Presently he joined me.

"You mustn't sit here; you will get cold. Take my arm, and I will go home with you."

"I prefer to wait here for Sallie and Ben."

"Then I shall stay with you." He sat beside me.

"Why didn't you drop that candle?"

"Because it would have set fire to those pine boughs and then to the ladder."

"That was very brave and thoughtful of you. Did your hand get burned much? Let me see it." His quiet, authoritative air annoyed me. I said nothing but concealed my hand under my shawl.

"Do you hate me so much that you had rather suffer than let me help you? I wonder you let me lift you down."

"I thought it was Ben."

"And were angry when you saw who it was?"

"Yes."

"You are very honest at all events. I suppose you will not deny that you dislike me?"

"No."

"Perhaps you will also tell me why?"

"If you choose to hear."

"I do."

"Because, then, you took away from me the love of the only girl I cared for. I was motherless and lonely, but you thought me unfit for her. You shamed me before all the choir, and you told Prissy I had 'beauty without gentleness, wit without reverence, intelligence without discretion.'"

He turned red and pale as I vehemently spoke.

"Did my sister tell you that?"

"No, I heard you as you passed my gate, and I have disliked you ever since."

"You had reason to," he said, gravely, "and I thank you for giving me an opportunity of saying that I am very sorry I judged you so harshly from one interview. It was wrong of me, and I beg your pardon. I have now seen you truly brave, and thoughtful, and honest. I never saw a girl before that was all of these; and you must allow me to say, now that we are speaking so frankly, that I admire you as much now as I disliked you that Sunday. I did take Prissy away because I saw she would do wrong rather than offend you, and I was afraid to have it so. I know you have thought me hard and tyrannical?" I nodded.

"We can call ourselves equal then as to first impressions; but I hope that is past now. Please let me look at your hand."

His frankness and simplicity, his apology and praise had altogether disarmed me. I was in much pain, too, and held out my hand at once. He was shocked at its appearance, and going quickly to the spring behind the school-house brought back a quantity of soft, wet moss, in which he gently wrapped it. Ben now appeared; he had lost the path, and wandered away, and was astonished and concerned at my adventure; but I saw his roguish eyes shine when I had to let Edmund pin my shawl, tie on my hood, and go home with me, while he remained to repair damages and explain to Sallie.

From that night Edmund preseveringly sought me, in spite of the coldness and rudeness my pride often led me to assume, for fear he should suspect the power he was fast gaining over me. People began to gossip about us; the village was divided. Some said it would be a match, others declared that as "Stella had never minded any body and Edmund had always been obeyed, it was impossible."

But love made it possible. Long afterward he told me that at the moment he took me in his arms, "so small and delicate" (he used to say), "but so fearless and spirited; when I felt your proud little head sink on my shoulder, I felt it shoot through my heart that you were for me, and faults and all I loved you as my own from that time."

With me it was different. I felt his power from the first, but I was too haughty and willful, impatient of control and reproof, to yield easily even to love. He was naturally imperious and stern, and had no understanding of caprice or impulse. His life was ruled by principle and religion, and I often shocked him, and he often hurt me. Many a weary discussion we had, and many a stormy interview—for we were as different as possible, and yet we loved each other dearly all the time. The boys and girls loved to get us together. "Here come Flint and Steel," they would say; "now we shall have knocks and sparks."

At last one June evening Edmund called at the door and asked me to come out to the gate a moment. I went, and there by the lilac bush where I had crouched nine months before stood Prissy, whom I had not spoken to since. She sprang into my arms and cried for joy. I gave one proud glance at her brother, which he met so imploringly that I returned her kisses and cried too. Then we had a long talk, all three, and agreed to forgive and forget and be the best of friends for ever and ever. By-and-by I walked home with Prissy, and then Edmund returned with me. The locust-trees along the lane were in bloom, and the night air was heavy with their sweetness. You know now, Annie, why I have always loved it, for it brings back to me that quiet summer evening when my true, brave lover, the noblest man I ever knew in God's earth, offered me the treasure of his love; me, the vain, undisciplined child, so little worthy to have won it. And I did not appreciate it even then; happy as it made me, proud as I was of it, I often tried it to the utmost, and gave him and myself many bitter hours before I learned the lesson that the girl *who does not love well enough to obey does not love well enough to marry.*

Of course I do not mean when points of conscience are concerned; that is another thing; but outside of that, in every engagement and every marriage questions of expediency, preference, and judgment will arise, and blessed and happy then is she who loves well enough to find submission easy. But, as I said before, I had to learn this lesson by suffering. We were engaged two years, and besides many minor quarrels, we twice came very near parting forever because of my wicked, haughty determination to do my own way and accept neither advice nor reproof.

Once when we were on the river with a party of others I persisted in going where the ice was thin because Edmund had said, in his quiet, absolute way, "You mustn't go beyond the bend, Stella." I made no answer. When he was gone I heard the girls laughing and saying I had found my master at last; and one jeeringly said I didn't dare go, and was quite as meek as Prissy now. Stung by her foolish words, I flung myself away from Prissy and slid boldly out upon the forbidden place. One moment of exultation and then the ice cracked, quivered, and, as a wild scream came from the girls, I went down into the death-cold river. Some of the boys ran after Edmund, and Ben Bowers flung himself flat near the opening and caught my cloak as I came up, and then, with fence-rails placed across, they managed to help me out; and the first thing I saw was poor Prissy flat on the ground in a faint, and Edmund running toward us whiter than she was.

You can imagine how ashamed I was. But he never reproached me by a word, and after a week of sickness and gentleness I was as gay and naughty as ever.

At another time I was invited to go on a sleighing party with Frank Prescott, a handsome, reckless fellow, an old admirer of mine. Edmund had never approved of him, and he said at once he could not allow me to go. I declared I should not consult him; he was jealous and tyrannical; and I intended to go. At last he said if I did we must part, and I said, "Very well."

I went. Frank was sober when we started; but when we stopped at the Half-way House, and had a dance and refreshments, I saw what I had to expect, but was too proud to say a word even to Prissy, who had come with her brother. When we started to return my partner was so intoxicated he could not drive. I took the reins and drove desperately fast, for I was now really frightened. Hardly had we left the other sleighs behind when Frank threw his arm around me and kissed me again and again with his hot, hateful lips. I screamed as loudly as I could, lost all control of the horse, who plunged up a bank and threw us both out into the deep snow. I scrambled up unhurt just us Edmund and Prissy overtook us, and with tears of anger and shame told my story. It was some consolation to have Edmund drag my tormentor by the collar to my feet, and make him repeat the humblest apology before he was flung back, sobered, into the drift. But all the way home, while I lay crying in Prissy's arms, I had no word or look from my lover. Stern and silent he sat. It was a terrible ride, and ended in a cold "Good-night" at my door.

I was heart-broken all the next day, and finally subdued my pride and sent a line, asking him to come to me. We had a long, sober talk. I wanted to be forgiven and petted at once, but he said No. How noble and unselfish he was! I can remember his quiet, firm, sad tone as he told me that, though he loved me better than his life, though I filled his heart, though with all my faults he loved my every look and tone and could not be happy without me, yet he feared that he was unsuited to me—that I did not love him well enough to bear with his stern temper, and so we had best part. I saw that he was in earnest; that he sincerely preferred my happiness to his own, and was resolute; though his face was pale with pain as he refused my caresses and coaxing. Oh, how little and poor and mean and unworthy I felt—how senseless my past willfulness!

In that moment a new and great love filled my heart; I felt a thrill of assurance that to be guided by him would make me happier than to rule a world. That under the sway of his love, controlled as it always was by high principle and wise judgment, I should be more content than if left to my own caprices.

At last I made him understand this, and then we were blessed indeed; and through the forty years of our married life there was never again more than a momentary cloud between us. Had he been of a mean or tyrannical nature we should have quarreled more and more; but he proved so noble, patient, and just that it became my pride and joy to acknowledge his authority.

When God called him from me twenty years ago, when the brave, clear voice was only a fluttering whisper, and his once strong arm could not lift the weary hand that lay so light in mine, he told me:

"Stella, you have been the great joy of my life; if I could live it over I would alter nothing in you; I would only try to serve God better and love you more." And then God's gates were opened for him and I was left desolate, only praying that I might follow soon; but the Lord willed that I should live on, long past my beloved, past all my early friends—past strength and usefulness and sight, but not past memory. That gives me still my youth, my husband, and all those happy years.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

The lists went by the next day's mail. It was such a fair, soft spring afternoon, in spite of the March wind that went roaming about, peering after squirrel-cups, and alder flowers, and I know not what, that every body had gone out. Mr. May drove off soon after dinner to Hiccory Corner, the nearest village, saying nothing, like a wise man, of what he *might* find at the freight-station. Mrs. May was away on some good errand among her poor neighbors; and the children were clustered in the work-shop, watching Sam.

I'm afraid that people who are fond of yellow satin and such light trifles would not have admired this old work-shop; but the children thought it perfectly charming. It was but a room in the carriage-house, with two extremely cheerful and dusty windows, where whole generations of spiders had spun their threads and woven their tapestry unmolested, dealing out summary justice, with but short imprisonment nor even the form of a trial, to all such wasps, gnats, and blue-bottle flies as came in their way.

In the middle of the room stood a long work-bench; and the sides of the room, and every corner and window-ledge, were full of tools. Tool-chests stood on the floor, boxes of nails and screws, old pieces of iron, odd hinges, lay in the window. Here hung up a saw and there a long plane, with twenty other things of which the children knew not even the name. At present their whole attention was fixed upon Sam—watching every mark of his gimlet, winking their eyes at every blow of his great hammer—so they stood in a trance of pleasure.

Sam was working away at a small box with a sloping roof, or rather with ends prepared for a sloping roof; and two other such boxes stood on the work-bench, each being roofed in with neat, close-fitting panes of glass.

"I don't see what the glass is for, after all," said Lily.

"Don't you?" said Sam. "Suppose we should break out all the glass in our windows some cold night, what then?"

"Oh, to be sure! the glass keeps the heat in. But then how does it *get* in, Sam? you can't make a fire in this little place."

"This little place would burn up pretty quick if I did," said Sam. "The heat gets in through the glass, Lily, from the sun. And it gets in better and quicker when the glass is sloped in this way toward the sun than if it were set up straight as it is in our windows."

"I wish I understood why," said Clover.

"Papa 'll tell you some day, or I will," said Sam, hammering away. "I haven't time just now."

"Here's papa this minute," said little Primrose.

"Why, so he is!" said Lily, going to one of the dusty windows. "He's left the wagon, and is coming over here with a big, big package in his hands."

Sam looked up for a moment and said, "Ah!" with an expression which proved that *he* understood the package thoroughly; and then began to whistle "Yankee Doodle," and to use his hammer with great energy all at once.

"Sam likes *something*," said Primrose, with a laugh. "He always does when he whistles that."

"Sam likes several things—Primrose among the rest," said her brother, stooping down to kiss her. "But here's papa."

And Mr. May entered, bearing the great package. Such a package! with long, white handles sticking out atop, and sharp, black points and corners piercing the brown wrapping paper below: the whole tied up and bound together with "forty strings," Lily said, as if on purpose to keep curiosity at a respectful distance. The children clustered round, asking at least a question for every string; Sam stopped his whistling, indeed, out of respect to his father's presence, but there was the fullest smile of pleasure on his face as he laid down his hammer and stood still to watch the proceedings; and as for Mr. May himself, he was clearly as eager as the children, but he would not answer a single question. There he stood, untying some strings, cutting others with his knife, laughing at the children, giving their cheeks a pat or a kiss, as the case might be, but still at work on the package.

Such a package! I must say again. It was utterly bewildering and mysterious. And, like an Arabian Nights' difficulty, vanishing into another just as great, the large package presently resolved itself (when the fortieth string was cut) into *three* packages—each one wrapped up in stiff brown paper, tied round with numberless strings, out of which peeped white handles and black corners, just as before.

"There," said Mr. May, with great satisfaction, taking the three packages in hand, and measuring the respective length of the white handles, "this tallest one is for Clover, and the next for Lily; and this smallest of all must be for Primrose! In fact, it looks just like her!"

"Papa?" said Clover, doubtfully, as she took the package.

"I know! I know!" exclaimed Lily, tearing at the brown paper which shielded hers. "It's our tools! our garden tools! Oh, papa, how good you are! Oh, whatever shall I do with these strings! What *is* the use of tying things up so! Oh, Sam, I see the end of something sticking out of mine!"

And Lily tugged at the strings, and pulled, and tore the paper off, leaving the strings yet on; and finally caught up Sam's chisel, and began to work at the fastenings with that in an alarming way.

"Here, here!" said her brother. "If that is to be the style of operations, you may as well have help and a better tool." And Sam took out his knife, and quickly cut the cords, one after the other.

Clover, meanwhile, was patiently untying her knots, one by one. She had hardly spoken, had not exclaimed at all; but two pink spots in her cheeks grew very deep as she wrought with the hard, unyielding bits of twine, her fingers trembling with eagerness, though they labored on so steadily.

Little Primrose, on her part, was another picture. After one prolonged look at her package, as if to find out wherein it resembled her crimson merino and golden hair and little white ruffle, she stood at a sort of "parade rest;" the package "grounded," her small fingers clasped tight about it, and her whole attention given to Clover's knots and Lily's fingers; her eyes dancing as each fastening gave way. Then, when brown papers fell to the ground, and the bright little steel tools, with their neat white handles, came full into view, Primrose gave one long "Oh!" of wondering delight; and then, as the only other thing she *could* say, turned round to her father and held her little mouth for a kiss.

"Why, Prim, do you like them?" said Mr. May, laughing and holding her fast, package and all. "Well, young ones, be as happy as you can, I must go." And with a silent embrace from Clover, and a rather vociferous one from Lily, Mr. May departed.

"Now, Sam," said Lily, "put your work right up and tell us all about these things. Oh dear! I never was so happy in all my life!"

Sam laughed, and sitting down on the work-bench drew Primrose into his arms.

"Does not this little one want to see *her* tools?" he said.

"Oh yes!" said Primrose. "But my fingers aren't strong enough."

"Mine are," said Sam. "There, you sit up here by me on the bench, and we'll untie all these knots, and talk to Clover and Lily at the same time. What do you want to know about first, Lily?"

"*This, I suppose*," said Lily, displaying one of her tools, "is a spade."

"That is a spade. See what a beauty of a little one papa has got for Primrose! with a wee, wee handle just big enough for her little fingers. It's perfect."

There could be no doubt about that, from the way the little fingers took hold of it.

"But I thought you were going to dig the ground for us, Sam?" said Lily.

"So I hope to do the first time. But then there may be light digging to do afterward, and transplanting, and all that."

"And we want to learn how, any way," said Clover.

"Well, what's this?" said Lily. "Oh dear! there comes Jack. Now we'll have a bother."

"This?" said Jack, unceremoniously catching it from Lily's hand, "ha! a fine tool, I declare! *This*, young ladies, is called a rake; and it is chiefly useful for tearing your flower leaves into long strips, to make them look fringy. It adds very much to the striking effect of a flower-garden."

"You hush, Jack," said Clover, giving his shoulder a gentle tap. "I know a little about rakes. Sam, what's this?"

"A trowel."

"And trowels are used for digging up stones, and conveying them to the gravel-walk or the grass," said Jack.

"They're for transplanting," said Sam, smiling, "for digging up little obstinate weeds, for filling flower-pots, and for smoothing the ground where you want to sow seeds."

"And this," said Jack, taking up another tool, "is commonly called Neptune's trident, which you perceive it resembles. In the sea, as used by its original owner, it was excellent for spearing fish; but by the strange mutation of mortal things it is now used in gardens, to spear caterpillars, grubs, and earth-worms. This one of Prim's, you see."

"Indeed *mine* won't be used for any such thing," said Prim, indignantly. "Spear caterpillars, truly! I don't mean to have one in all my garden."

"Oh! don't you?" said Jack. "That alters the question."

"It's a weeding-fork, Prim," said her oldest brother; "and weeds, I'm afraid, you will have now and then. See, you stick the little fork in so, and it loosens the earth, and the weeds can be pulled right up by the roots."

"How nice!" said Lily. "Only I don't mean to have any weeds. Oh, I'm so happy! Come, let's go and show 'em all to mamma."

"But just wait till I gather up my strings," said Clover.

"Leave 'em here," said Lily, "you don't want 'em."

"They may be useful," said Clover, sedately.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Jack, turning a somersault in one corner of the work-shop. "Such model gardens! One will have no caterpillars, and t'other will have no weeds; and the other—I don't know, I'll keep watch about Clover's. She's as old-fashioned as a gray rock, and about as steady."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some ten years ago, at the Commencement exercises of a New England Seminary, a fanciful theme was read, entitled "A Visit to the Moon." In this theme was a description of a dinner party among the Lunaites; and we remember being struck by one fact that was stated, namely: that the inhabitants of our satellite—having reached a point of perfection that even Delmonico might envy—dispensed entirely with *waiters*. In place of them were cunning little steam-engines, conveniently fitted up, running around the dining-table on circular tracks, and distributing every imaginable delicacy to the guests. We believe, also, that there was some contrivance for conveying the viands to the mouth of each individual. We give publicity to these statements, in the hope that some enterprising person may hasten to make his fortune by appropriate inventions. We will lay no claim to the patent right. And in these days of "flying ships" nothing should be considered impossible.

There are machines for every thing nowadays. Sewing, writing, wringing, washing, laughing machines (may not *gas* so be called?), and so on *ad infinitum*. It may be mentioned, however, that as yet no *external thinking* machine has been invented; and here is a chance for somebody! The day may not be far distant when authors and editors, sitting cozily at their desks, may turn a crank, set the machinery agoing, lean back, close their eyes for a comfortable nap, and awake to find a thrilling novel or a learned editorial all ready for the press!

Speaking of machines reminds us of a little note recently found among a package of law papers in the pocket of a New York lawyer. It is without date or signature:

"Dear Brother,—I'm curious to learn how you make the new washing machine go. You said you were told it would earn its price in six weeks or so. Can you wash whatever you want to? from a shirt to a pair of lace curtains? and has the waste pipe where the suds run a grating to catch all the buttons? I imagine you probably couldn't, but, however, it possibly may be—don't you think, slowly turning the crank, you could carefully wash a baby? I suppose after breakfast on Monday, as you go out to black your bootees, you stop on the way to the kitchen and do the week's washing with ease. And after a little more practice, I imagine, my versatile brother, you'll do all the washing with one hand, while you polish your boots with the other.

"Since you were the person to buy it, do you use it yourself all alone? Or sometimes let Emily try it, while you stand and laugh at the fun? Does the handle blister your hands? Do the rollers get rusty and squeak? Is the thing what it's cracked up to be? And if it's cracked say, does it leak? If it still holds its own in your mind, does it hold in the water all right? Why should a poor wash-tub be sound when its owner never was 'tight?' Excuse me once more if you will, I ask for the pleasure of knowing: Do you keep that washing-machine still, or do you keep it agoing?"

A little attention to the condition of some of the city railroad cars would not be out of the province of the Board of Health. Many of them are kept in a state of filthiness almost intolerable. The old, musty cushions, which have served the public for years and years, should be removed, and clean cane-bottomed seats be substituted.

A large milk establishment in Boston was recently examined by the authorities of that city. Four large casks, weighing probably two thousand four hundred pounds, were discovered, and they investigated the contents of one of them. It was filled with refined whiting, and on taking a sample for experiment, they found that mixing it with water gave a very good imitation of milk.

A new method of managing boarding-school young ladies has been recently adopted at a seminary in Indianapolis. The other day the principal learned that some of his pupils had packages of letters from young gentlemen in the city—tender epistles. Exasperated beyond endurance he caused the young ladies to stand up before the entire school and read the letters in full, with the names of the writers. There was a fluttering in the school.

Professor Agassiz has been presented with a large and beautiful collection of fishes by the Emperor of Brazil. A pleasant autograph note accompanied the gift.

Small as ladies' bonnets are nowadays the newspapers can't let them alone. One says:

"A lady in the country wrote to a friend in the city to purchase for her a new spring bonnet. She desired the crown to measure seven inches—just enough to cover her waterfall—and a red ribbon."

Another announces:

"A new bonnet is out—a common white handkerchief is passed over the top of the head and tied under the throat, with a wreath of roses in the shape of a horseshoe on top."

Still another:

"A new style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Indiana. It is described as 'consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price, nineteen dollars.'"

A Dutchman once being called upon to testify in court as a witness, exhibited a singular confusion as to his own identity. The usual question being asked, "What is your name?" he replied, "Vell, I calls mineself Fred, but maybe so—I don't know—it is Yawcup. You see, chudge, mine modder she have two little poys; one of them was me and one was my broder, or one was my broder and t'other was me—I don't know which; and I was chust so old as my broder was young, or my broder was chust as old as me—I don't know which, and mine modder she don't; and one of us was named Fred and t'other Yawcup, or one named Yawcup and t'other Fred—I don't know which: and one of us got died, but mine modder she never could tell whether it was me or mine broder what got died; so, chudge, I does not know whether I am Fred or Yawcup, and mine modder she don't know."

Those who have hitherto failed in making for themselves a place in the "Poet's Corner" may find consolation in a bit which we cut from an exchange:

"A gentleman in Scotland has preserved an old number of the Greenock *Advertiser*, containing the following announcement:

"'*Notice to Correspondents.*—T. C.—The lines commencing "On Linden, when the sun was low," are not up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not T. C.'s forte.'"

These two little gems of thought are full of truth and beauty:

"The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic."

"Christian graces are like perfumes—the more they are pressed the sweeter they smell; like stars, they shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear."

It is stated in the Paris journals that on the recent journey of the royal family to Auxerre the Empress was attired in the "most simple style." Her dress is described as of rich black *gros* silk, with an immensely long train, which was covered with small jet stars; a tiny *sac-paletôt*, likewise studded with jet and trimmed with guipure; and a white rice-straw bonnet of the Lamballe form, fringed with jet and tied with Mexican blue ribbon strings—such was Her Majesty's traveling costume. An anecdote is told relating to this Auxerre journey which shows how observant the Empress is, and how gracefully her remarks are responded to. Among the notabilities who came to welcome Her Imperial Majesty, M. Camille Doucet was conspicuous in his dress as counselor-general, having been generally seen during the winter in his academic robes. The Empress soon singled him out, exclaiming, "You are every where, and always in a different dress;" to which M. Doucet replied, "Yes, Madame, I do change my costume very frequently, but my sentiments never."

Among the new materials for summer dresses are the *piqués*, which are woven this season so as to look as though they were coarsely ribbed, and they are generally covered with a pattern. The patterns imitate braided arabesque guipure; there are also flowers and horseshoes, and several other designs, generally on white grounds. *Percales* are very popular for *demi-toilette*, and the newest patterns in this material are stripes of a dark color with large daisies or camei, or stars in the stripes; the ground of the dress is either white or maize color.

As a change, there is a new material called the *Sultane*. It is made of very fine wool, with satin stripes, and is something like the woolen Chambéry gauze. It is very pretty in light color, such as the new blue, pink, mauve, and sea-green. It is not expensive, and many pretty promenade toilets are made of it, trimmed with ribbon of the same color and with Thibet fringe.

It is not such a difficult matter to be well dressed in summer without spending a great deal of money, as must necessarily be the case in winter. Freshness is the great merit of a summer toilet.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Why was Noah's ark like a smoke-house?—Because it had a Ham in it.

Visible Speech.—"Taking a Sight."

Drawing the long Bo-hea.—We have just been informed, by one competent to know, that one of the most lucrative positions is that of a tea-taster. We can easily believe it is much more so than that of Poetaster, but that it is worth fifty thousand pounds a year is a draught difficult to swallow; and suggests the remark that such a sum must come out of the measure so well known as a *Pekoe Lies*.

"A lot of copper ore in pigs!" said Mrs. Partington, as her eye caught an account of some smelting operations. "I don't wonder they have the scrofula and every thing else that is bad. I dare say their lard is nothing but verdigrease, for copper is very delatorious."

BOARDING-SCHOOL GIRL'S LAMENT.

Perchance I sit me down to eat,
 With *hunger*, which I'm told is *fain*,
Impatient that the milk is *lait*,
 And grieve to find my bread is *pain!*
My wordless woe 'tis vain to tell
When even salt becomes a *sel!*

A cabbage head is but a *chou*,
 My *honey* is disguised in *miel:*
For water I must swallow *eau;*
 The town I find dishes up in *vielle!*
I grumble at the *broil* I take
Like old John Rogers at his *stake*.

A word to you, my reader friends,
 I'm forced to tell it *entre nous*,
No language but the French can lend
 An *old* enchantment to the *vieux:*
The truest word of all their *mots*
Is, silly people are the *sots*.

"What is the future state?" said a clergyman to a sprightly little girl. "Illinois, Sir." "No, no," said the clergyman. "I mean what is the real future condition of men and women?" "Why," replied she, after some hesitation, "I suppose they are to be married."

A Tissue of Lies.—A forged bank-note.

Why is an over-worked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

Why is a beef-steak like a locomotive?—It's not of much account without it's tender.

A Frenchman can not pronounce "ship." The word is "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, he said to a boy, "Ish dish a war sheep?" "No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."

A Bar Sinister.—A turnpike.

At a fancy-dress ball in Paris recently, a lady was seen in a very low-bodied dress, while floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, Monsieur." "At low tide, then, Madame." The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

"The Rake's Progress."—Over the flower-beds.

Judicious Selection.—On Good Friday, in a town in North Wales, an elderly minister, with a bald pate, judiciously selected for his text, "My sins are greater in number than the hairs on my head."

A Good Place for Patent Hair-Dyes.—Canada; for there the *hare* is always gray.

In an old family Bible in Connecticut the record of a birth is entered in this wise: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th November, 1785, according to the best of her recollection!"

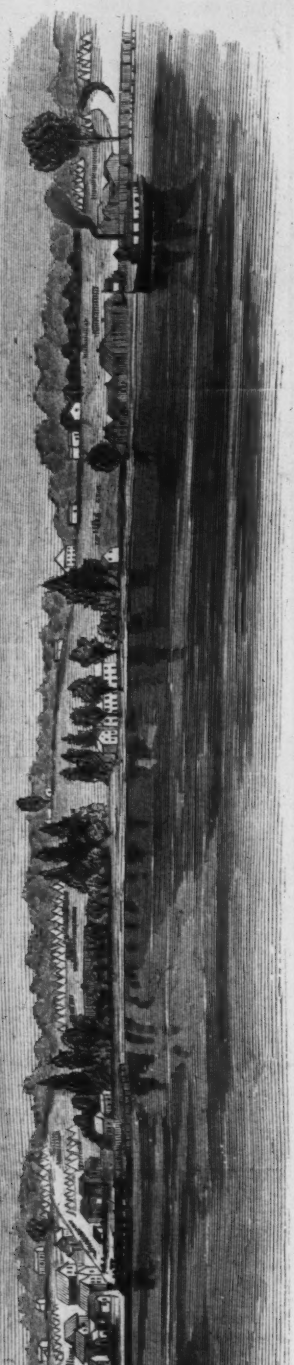
A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

If a young man spends two hours with a young lady every night, and *her* old folks don't make any fuss about it, and *his* old folks don't make any fuss about it, the two young folks may be said to be engaged.

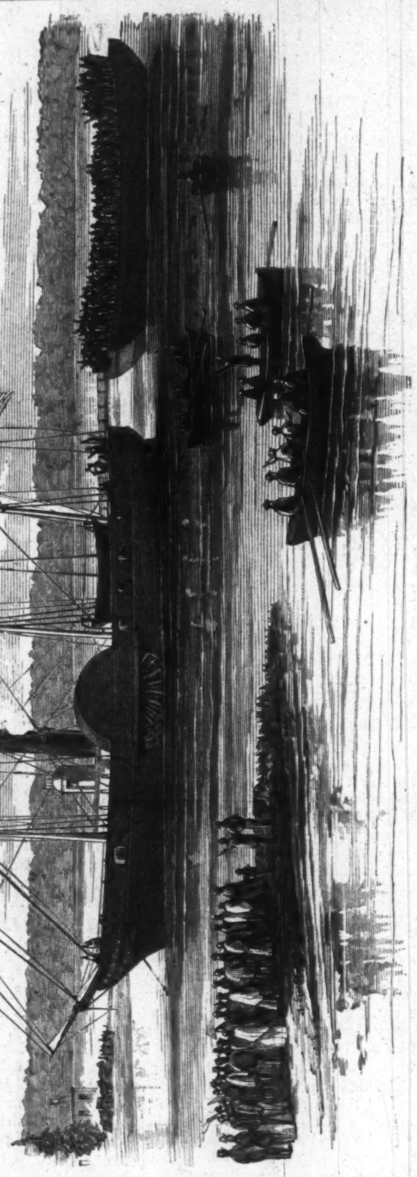
A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

"Wife," said a hen-pecked husband, "go to bed." "I won't." "Well, then, sit up; I will be minded!"

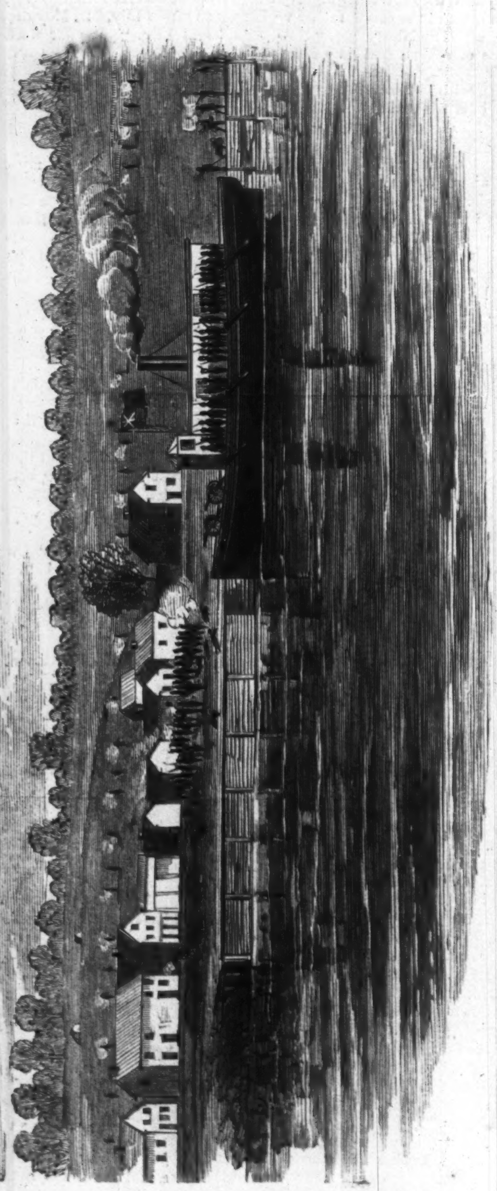
Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes-brush?—Because it spoils the nap.


American Custom-house.
British Tug "Robb."

FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—VIEW OF WATERLOO, NEAR FORT ERIE, WITH BRITISH CAMPS, Etc.—[Sketched by J. P. Hoffman.]



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MICHIGAN" WITH CAPTURED FENIANS ON A SCOW-BOAT.—[Sketched by J. P. Hoffman.]



FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—SKIRMISH ON THE 2d OF JUNE BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND THE FENIANS.—[Sketched by J. P. Hoffman.]

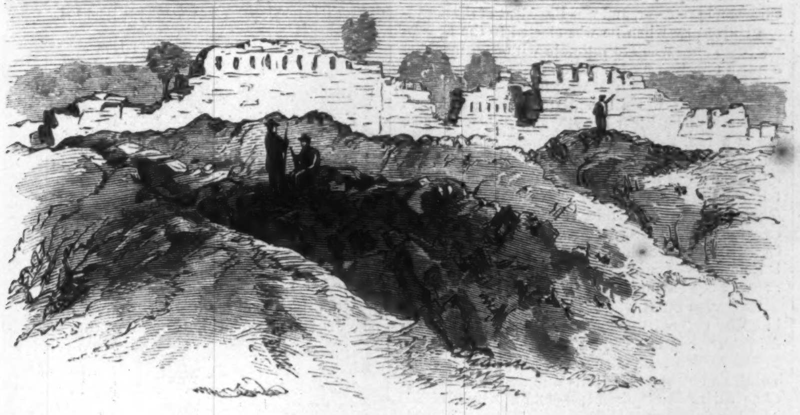
THE FENIAN RAID.

We give on this page and on page 397 illustrations of the Fenian invasion of Canada. Waterloo is just a little way from Fort Erie. The following extract from the *Army and Navy Journal* gives a very good account of the raid:

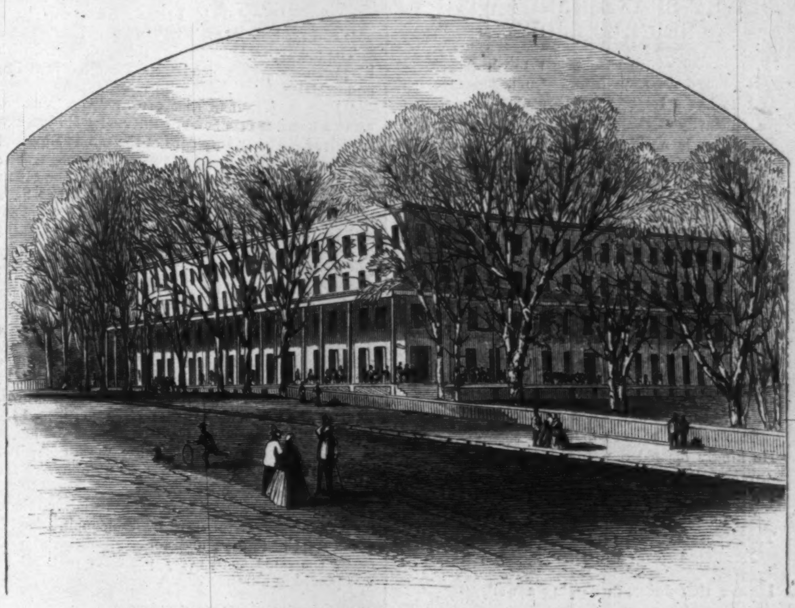
> On Thursday, May 31, a considerable number of Fenians had quietly gathered into Buffalo, calling themselves laborers, bound for California. At about half past two next morning they had collected at Black Rock, some three miles north of Buffalo, and here they at once crossed the Niagara River by the aid of two tugs and four canal-boats. They landed safely, under the green flag, and at once took possession of the ruins of old Fort Erie, just at the place where the lake narrows to the river. Their number was somewhere from 1000 to 1500. Their military organization consisted of four regiments, the Thirteenth, or Tennessee, the Seventeenth, or Kentucky, the Eighteenth, or Ohio, and the Seventh, or Buffalo, besides an Indiana detachment. All these had Colonels, and the whole were under Col. O'Neill, formerly known as having enlisted a regiment for the rebels of such of our soldiers in the horrible den at Andersonville as preferred dishonor to death.
>
> This crossing had been successfully concealed from the United States authorities. At embarking in the Fenian fleet the men received arms and ammunition, but no commissariat seems to have been organized. They at once cut the telegraph wires leading into Canada, tore up the track of the railroad near them, and advanced westward along the lake shore toward Port Colborne, at the mouth of the Welland Canal.
>
> The first Canadian force to come into actual conflict with the Fort Erie Fenians was a body of about 1400 Volunteers, under Colonel Booker or Buchanan, which had hastened to Port Colborne, while another force, under Colonel Peacock, was advancing upon the Fenian rear, up the Niagara River, *via* Chippewa. Booker's troops met O'Neill and his Fenians about 8 a.m. on the morning of Saturday, June 2. O'Neill was advancing westward, and now took post at Limestone Ridge, somewhat less than half-way from Fort Erie to Port Colborne. There was a sort of battle, in which—though there are various reports—the Canadians seem to have despised their adversaries, and to have advanced in pursuit of them as if already victorious, when the Fenian line was merely falling back to rectify an error. Many of the Fenians are veterans of the Rebellion, and not to be discouraged by a charge; so they charged bayonets in their turn upon the confident Canadians, and very easily dispersed them. But the losses are reported at only 6 killed and 15 wounded on the Fenian side, and 23 killed and wounded on the Canadian side.
>
> After pursuing the beaten Canadians for some distance, the Fenians fell back toward Fort Erie. They had impressed some provisions at that place, but their supplies quickly fell short, notwithstanding what they could find in the vicinity. More Canadian troops were coming up to Port Colborne; Peacock's force was approaching from Chippewa; the *Michigan* and one or two tugs had effectively closed the Niagara River to reinforcements. As the Fenians approached Fort Erie again they had a brush with a small Canadian force, but easily dispersed it; and at night, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the Fenians attempted to escape back into the United States. Their main body was promptly captured, with the tugs conveying them, by the *Michigan;* the stragglers and pickets were left on the Canadian side, and were taken by Colonel Peacock's force, which went into camp at Fort Erie; and the left-flank movement of the Fenian invasion was over, and a failure, and its troops were prisoners to United States District-Attorney Dart, though in the immediate charge of Captain Bryson, of the *Michigan.*

The sketches on page 397 show the ruins of Fort Erie and the flag captured from the British at Ridgeway by the Fenians.

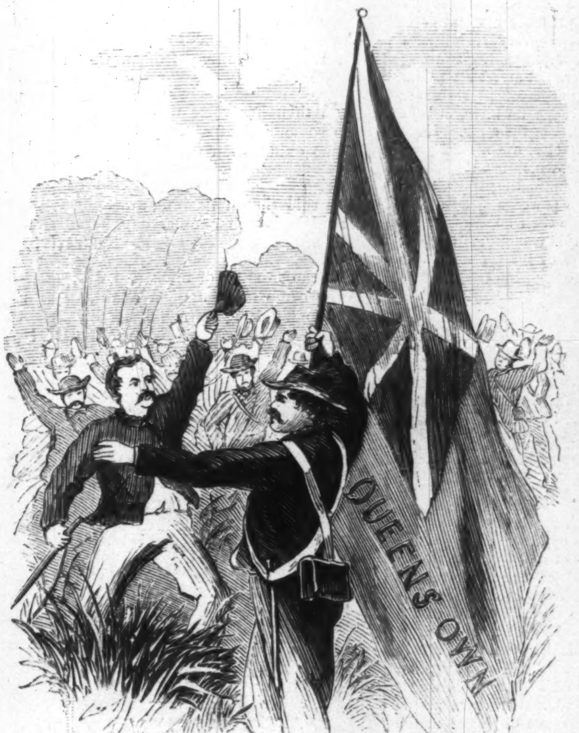
Since this failure other attempts have been made, but have not succeeded.—The Fenians made a great mistake when they began the work of emancipating Ireland with the infraction of the laws of the country of which they were the adopted citizens. The President's proclamation, and the vigilance of our military force on the frontier, will prevent an early repetition of the collisions at Fort Erie and Ridgeway,



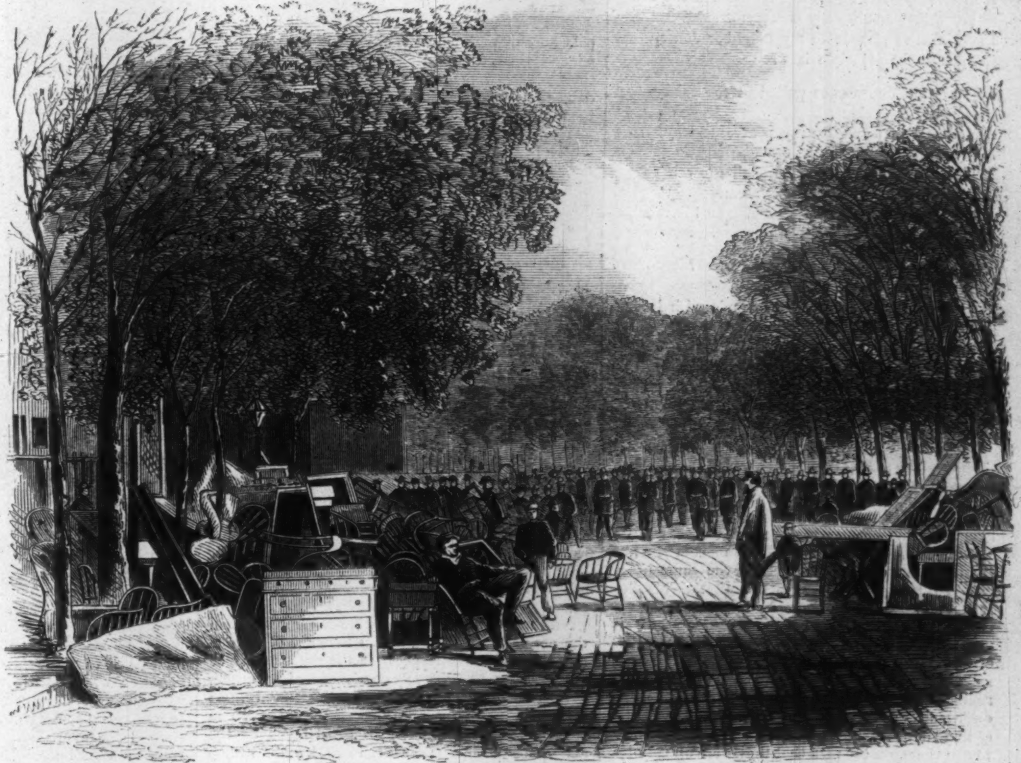
FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—RUINS OF FORT ERIE.—[Sketched by J. P. Hoffman.]



CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA, NEW YORK.—[Photographed by A. S. Avery.]



THE FENIAN RAID—BRITISH FLAG CAPTURED BY THE FENIANS.
[Sketched by J. P. Hoffman.]

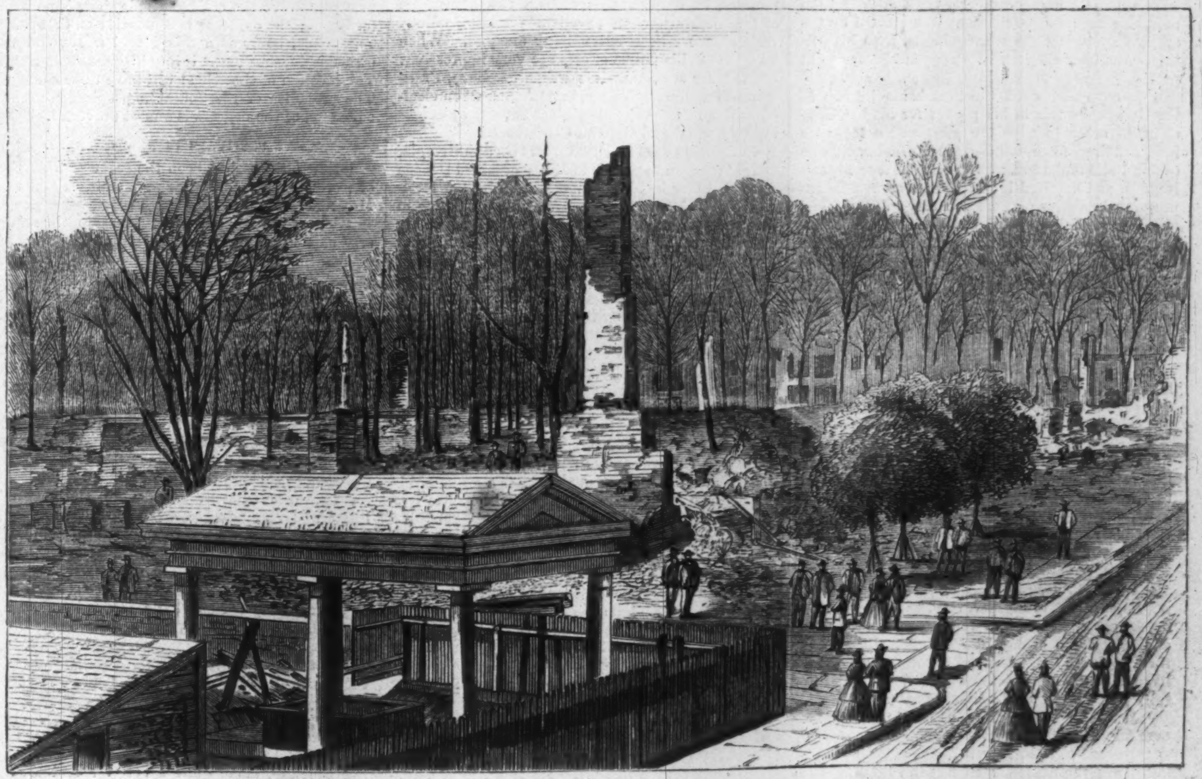


THE FIRE IN SARATOGA—BROADWAY THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.
[Photographed by A. S. Avery.]

THE FIRE IN SARATOGA.

Congress Hall Hotel in Saratoga was destroyed by fire on the morning of May 29. At twenty minutes past twelve the flames were discovered in the north wing of the building, and issuing from the apartment known as the ironing and linen room, wherein the women ironers had been at work until an unusually late hour on the night before to be in readiness for the annual opening of the house, which was to take place on the very day of the fire. The frailty of the immense structure was soon apparent in the instantaneous spread of the flames, and but little more than an hour elapsed before it was a complete and impressive heap of ruins. The glare of the fire was plainly visible in Troy, Albany, Schenectady, and throughout all the adjacent country.

The loss involved in this fire was nearly $200,000. Congress Hall was built in the year 1812 by Mr. Gideon Putnam, and it was while superintending the work upon the building that he fell and injured himself, and afterward died of his wounds. The hotel was kept in the family for a number of years, when a Mr. Van Schoenhoven bought it. He left it in his will to Mr. Kinsley, his son-in-law; and in 1850 the only surviving heir, Mr. E. V. Kinsley, came into possession, all his relatives being burned or drowned, or both, on the ill-fated steamboat *Henry Clay*. Mr. H. H. Hathorn, the last proprietor, bought the house on the 9th of September, 1854, and had retained his right in it ever since. He has had partners with him, but he himself had been the man of the establishment. The large number of improvements which had been made in and around the hotel are too numerous to mention, but they were such as made it equal, if not superior, to any in the place. A new office had been made in the front of the building, which included the room formerly occupied as a bar-room, and extended back as far as the piazzas. The bar-room had been sent down stairs, as also several other branches of hotel appointments. Mr. Hathorn had announced his intention of opening the hotel on Monday, May 28.



THE FIRE IN SARATOGA—RUINS OF CONGRESS HALL.—[Photographed by A. S. Avery.]

WHY SHAKE HANDS WITH NEIGHBOR JONES?

My neighbor Jones is of portly mien,
His face both smooth and bland,
And he has a terrible way—to me—
Of heartily shaking my hand.
Now there is nothing of which to complain
In a good and hearty shake,
But upon my word with my neighbor Jones
I feel as if handling a snake.

He meets me at church in the midst of a crowd,
Or sometimes he meets me alone,
And his eyes they glare with a grayish stare,
And the look of a rounded stone.
I am getting afraid of my neighbor Jones,
Of the touch of his clammy palm,
And I am afraid that his stony eyes
Have always a meaning of harm.

I know that, one day, when my pigs broke through
Into Jones's pasture field,
He kindly opened my garden gate,
Where they ruined my early yield.
I know that when Sue, my brindled cow,
Was choking in yonder lot,
That Jones sat still on his fence and watched,
But Jones to me came not.

I know that Jones, in digging a well,
Cut off the stream of mine,
And I know that Jones both chuckled and laughed,
As though the joke were fine.
And I know that Jones has threatened the law
For things not worthy a song;
But I always give in to my neighbor Jones,
Though the principle is wrong.

I know that Jones once pulled at the ear
Of Billy, my eldest born,
And that I incurred, by my peaceable way,
My Billy's utter scorn.
That Billy declares when he shall grow big
That there's death to Jones's ears,
But still I have hope he will change his mind,
Like myself—when Jones appears.

But why do I shake old Jones's hand?
It is not for love, I am sure.
Or rather, why let him shake hands with me,
When his shaking I can not endure?
I wish that the fashion of shaking hands
Would go out with the spring or fall,
And I ask, when I think of my neighbor Jones,
Why do they shake hands at all?

THE HONEST THIEF.

There once lived in St. Petersburg an aged man, who, though poor, had always been noted for strict honor and integrity, and whose whole course of life was regular as clock-work. Each morning he left his modest dwelling at precisely the same hour, passed through the old-clothes market to his Bureau, and after his six hours' labor was accomplished returned home by the self-same route. His garments were shabby from long service, and the covering of his cap was worn to shreds. The urgent solicitations of his daughters finally induced him to replace the latter article; and seeing some of a green color one day in a shop window, he went in and inquired the price. The shopman, however, refused to sell them, on the plea that they were already bespoken, and offered to show him others of a different hue; but the old man had set his heart on green.

"Well, then," said the man, "if you must absolutely have it, take it, and if needs must I can finish another by to-morrow to take its place."

The bargain was accordingly concluded, and the next day no small excitement was created by the appearance of the cap, which elicited from his colleagues smiling congratulations upon his successful purchase.

Two days afterward, the heat being intense in the Bureau, he felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, in order to wipe the perspiration from his face, and drew forth, to his great astonishment, one of fine India foulard silk. He showed it to his colleagues, and inquired if he had not by mistake appropriated another person's property; but one and all disclaimed all knowledge of it, and agreed unanimously that it must be a surprise from one of his daughters.

"Children," said he, upon his return to his house, "who has done this? Do you wish to make me vain in my old age?"

His daughters also declared their ignorance of the matter, and, after many random guesses, finally made up their minds that it must have been put in his pocket by their cousin, who spent the last Sunday with them; and the handkerchief was carefully put aside by their father.

On the following day, as he was carefully spreading his coat-tails in order to seat himself at his desk, he felt something hard in both his pockets, and putting in his hand brought out from one a gold watch and from the other a well-furnished purse. This time his reason was overwhelmed; but after long reflection he formed a sudden resolution. He had been more punctual than the other officials, and was alone in the room; he therefore determined to say nothing to them of his discovery, and as soon as the office hours were over he went directly to the Chief of the Police and solicited a private audience. He then produced the watch and purse, and related the history of the handkerchief. After the Chief had fully possessed himself of all the particulars he said:

"It is very singular! Has nothing of the kind ever happened to you before?"

"Never before last week."

"Have you made any change in your dress within that time?"

"No."

"Recollect!"

"Oh yes, certainly! I bought a new cap!"

"Tell me how and where you bought it."

The old man told him every thing connected with his purchase, upon which the chief laughed heartily, and exclaimed:

"Poor, honest man that you are, you have become a member of a band of thieves! Do you not perceive? The twenty caps of the same shape and color were to serve them as a mark for recognition; and as every pickpocket seeks to divest himself as quickly as possible of his stolen goods, they have taken you for an accomplice, and transferred these articles to your pockets. We are greatly indebted to accident and to you. Take this money and buy another cap from one of the principal magazines; then bring this one back immediately; for as I hope to have the whole gang in my power to-morrow you must not run the risk of being arrested also."

The old man went into a shop and purchased another covering for his head; but as he was about to tie up the cap in his handkerchief, in order to take it back to the police-office, he found in the crown, to his no small surprise, a costly piece of lace. He hastened to deliver this fresh booty into the hands of the Chief, who again burst into a peal of laughter when he beheld the despairing countenance of the honest thief.

The necessary measures were immediately taken. Two dozen detectives were made acquainted with the form of the cap; and simultaneously, at precisely the same hour, every possessor of the sign was placed in durance vile.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.

The Episcopal College of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, consists of ten Bishops, three of whom are not assigned to regular duty because of their advanced age, and four were elected and ordained at the late session of the General Conference, held in the city of New Orleans.

We present this week a representation of the whole body, with the exception of the venerable Senior Bishop, Soule, whose feeble health detained him from the Conference at which the photograph was made from which an engraving is rendered. The subjoined sketches give an outline of the main facts in the history of each, with his distinguishing characteristics:

1. Joshua Soule is a native of the State of Maine, and is now in his eighty-sixth year. He entered upon the work of the holy ministry in the last year of the last century; was ordained Deacon in 1801, Elder in 1803, and Bishop in 1824. He is a man of large build, powerful physique, and majestic appearance; has endured immense hardships in the pioneer work of the itinerant ministry, and exerted a very great influence upon the growth of Methodism on this continent. For several years he has been relieved from regular Episcopal duty, and in a serene old age is waiting his change at his simple residence, near the city of Nashville, Tennessee.

2. James Osgood Andrew was born in Georgia, in 1794; entered the ministry in 1812; was ordained Deacon in 1814, Elder in 1816, and Bishop in 1832. Without learning, he made his way by the natural powerful eloquence of his preaching and the pious industry of his pastoral labors. He is genial, warm-hearted, and simple. He has retired from the active Episcopacy; but in memory of his former labors, and in respect for the great purity of his character, he is warmly cherished by his Church.

3. Robert Paine is a native of North Carolina; born in 1799; a Licentiate in 1818, a Deacon in 1822, his ordination having been delayed by the absence of Bishops; an Elder in 1824, and a Bishop in 1846. He is a man of high intellect, strong passions, magnanimous spirit, and considerable culture. He is represented as the philosopher of the Episcopal Bench. He seems sluggish in his movements, but is powerful when aroused. Often impetuous, he is always generous. His knowledge of law makes him an excellent presiding officer. As a preacher he is exceedingly unequal. When he succeeds his pulpit efforts are very impressive; his failures are total. He was, we believe, President of La Grange College, in Alabama, when elected Bishop. His uttered opinions have great weight in the Annual and General Conferences.

4. George Foster Pierce was born in Georgia, in 1811; began to preach in 1830; ordained Deacon in 1832, Elder in 1834, and Bishop in 1854. He is affable, careless in his manners, very handsome in face and person, with a dark eye and a remarkably charming smile. In the pulpit he has had the reputation of great brilliancy. He is still a powerful preacher. His voice is like a bugle; it stirs you from afar. Not remarkable for discrimination, he carries his measures by the force of the enthusiasm his magnetic style seems to kindle. He is a liberal thinker and a genial companion. In Georgia his influence is unrivaled.

5. John Early was born in Virginia. He is believed to be in his eighty-second year. He was admitted to the Virginia Conference in 1807; was ordained Deacon in 1809, Elder in 1811, and Bishop in 1854. He is a man of remarkably commanding presence. In all crowds where he is a stranger his appearance attracts immediate attention. It is a combination of the Apostle and the General. He was born to command, and he does command. He has been a great worker. His energy is tireless. At his advanced age he can travel as much as any of his colleagues; and although, by reason of his multitude of years, he has been relieved from the burden of Episcopal labor, and takes his place with Bishops Andrew and Soule, his presidency at the late General Conference is said to have shown his clear head and strong hand, grasping and managing the reins to the last.

6. Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh, a native of Kentucky, was born in 1802; entered the ministry in 1823; was ordained Deacon in 1825, Elder in 1827, and Bishop in 1854. He is a hearty Christian—very simple, very discreet, slow in the chair on a point of order, very reliable upon points of law if time be given, happy, pure, peaceful, much loved and much respected. As a preacher he requires a long time to fire up, but when heated he is a pulpit engine of several-preacher-power.

7. William May Wightman, a native of South Carolina, was born in 1808; entered the Conference in 1828; was ordained Deacon in 1830, Elder in 1832, and Bishop in 1866. He is below the medium height, with a head and face not very indicative of high intellect, yet he is in reality a man of very considerable ability and elegant culture, has been editor and professor, and was President of the Southern University when he was elected to the Episcopacy. Those who are intimate with him manifest a warm affection for his person and character.

8. Enoch Mather Marvin was born in Missouri, in 1823; was a Licentiate in 1841; ordained Deacon in 1843, Elder in 1845, and Bishop in 1866. He is a tall, thin, cadaverous man in his appearance, wears his hair long and careless, is wholly unshaven; has a clear, blue, deep eye, a high intellectual brow, and a nose which makes his whole face look like the portraits of Calvin. His mental endowments are lofty, his temper gentle, his spirit Christian, his preaching very superior, and his laboriousness—notwithstanding his apparent feebleness—really exemplary.

9. David Seth Doggett was born in Virginia, in 1810; entered the Conference in 1829; was ordained Deacon in 1832, Elder in 1833, and Bishop in 1866. He is slender, graceful, pleasant, cultivated, and eloquent. He is a good man, a scholar of considerable acquirements, and a delightful and edifying preacher. He has been editor of several periodicals and a professor.

10. Holland Nimmons M'Tyeire was born in South Carolina, in 1824; entered the ministry in 1845; was ordained Deacon in 1848, Elder in 1849, and Bishop in 1866. He has been editor of several Church periodicals. As a preacher his matter is solid, but his delivery is slow—very slow; as a writer he is most lucid and pungent. Nothing comes from his pen which does not arrest attention. He is very vigilant and very sagacious. He never barks at what he thinks wrong; he bites, always putting his teeth into the point of the error. He is upright in person and character, has a steel-gray incisive eye, and a hard face, which is wonderfully relieved by a remarkably illuminating smile. He is a man of rare executive power, and upon this characteristic his friends base their hopes of a most useful Episcopal career for this youngest of the four Bishops called to that office by the Church at its late General Conference.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. A. R. W.'s sketches on pages 392 and 393, illustrating the May-day Festival at New Orleans, Louisiana, and the Freedmen's School at Vicksburg, Mississippi, are thus described by the artist:

"FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL AT VICKSBURG.

"One of the most noticeable features of these schools for freedmen is the cleanliness and good clothing of a majority of the scholars. Of course there are ragged and rough specimens, but these are not the rule. It is one of the many evidences I have found in Mississippi of the general well-being of the negroes, and their capacity to take care of themselves. These scholars, embracing all ages from the grandam down to the infant, are attentive, and master their tasks without any appearance indicating that the labor is irksome. The lady teachers, with a little tact, do almost any thing with them; and, although all teaching is a wearisome business, I should judge that these people showed the average intelligence displayed in the New York public schools. The Superintendent of the schools, Chaplain Warren, considers that in all that pertains to language they are, perhaps, ahead of white children in quickness of apprehension. How far their capacity for education would carry them is doubtful. That these schools will vastly improve the colored people there is no room for doubt; the evidence is conclusive on that point. The school-house is a dilapidated affair, and the owner is anxious to get it into his possession again. The location of the school will have to be changed. The prejudice of the Southern people against the education of the negroes is almost universal.

"MAY FESTIVALS IN NEW ORLEANS.

"New Orleans has been the scene of a number of festivals during the present month, in honor of May and the flowers.

"The Germans have, according to time-honored custom, sweltered and guzzled lager, with additions in the shape of loud-smelling rye-bread, louder sausages, and absolutely noisy garlic and cheese; after which they danced in the hot sun, in a mob, upon a platform, perspiring happily, and causing the air to reek with recollections of the above-mentioned comestibles. The Fenians have had their little picnic (in peace), and other May picnics are in contemplation; but the prettiest festival was that of a dancing-school—patronized, I was informed, by none but the children of the 'élite' of New Orleans.

"This entertainment came off at the French Opera-house, where the little pupils resolved themselves into an amateur ballet-corps, and gave tableaux and fancy-dances, succeeded by a ball, in which the spectators were allowed to join after eleven, the hour when most of the little ones went home.

"The tableau selected for the sketch is the crowning of the May Queen of the Fairies by Morning, Night standing near by, and a little boy, personating Bacchus, ready to present a bouquet—although what in the name of goodness Bacchus has to do with the fairies deponent is unable to tell! Premature 'three-year-olds,' who might be the originators of all the jokes attributed to that age in the 'Editor's Drawer,' occupied pedestals in the character of Cupids. Gas, candles, flowers, scenery, and, above all, Blue-fire, made quite a pretty spectacle; and the children acquitted themselves with a self confidence and ease quite remarkable. The New Orleans children are much older, so to speak, than the children of the North. Those who have reached the mature age of twelve have left childhood entirely behind them, and are prepared to—and do—act the part of men and women.

"Going to school at a very early age, the climate, like a hot-house, forces them quickly to maturity; but whether the average of life is so long as in less forward countries is very doubtful."

CROONS FOR THE CRADLE.

Full well I recollect the rhymes,
The ballads of my cradle times,
O Nurserie!

For often Emma Jane would bring
Her darning to my crib, and sing
Of—well, of almost *any thing!*
O Nurserie!

She rocked my cradle to and fro
The while she chanted soft and low,
O Nurserie!

And I remember how I hung
On all she said, on all she sung;
For I was musical, though young,
O Nurserie!

She said, "There was a little man!"
Ay, marry, thus the tale began,
O Nurserie!

"He had a little gun," she said,
"With bullets that were made of lead"
(They generally *are*, I've read),
O Nurserie!

Anon she sang about the fall
Of Humpty Dumpty from a wall,
O Nurserie!

And then her voice would sink again
To something of a softer strain—
Some exhortation to the rain,
O Nurserie!

She said that if it went away
It might return another day,
O Nurserie!

She sang to me of Jack and Jill,
Who came to grief upon a hill,
Through taking up a pail to fill,
O Nurserie!

I would I were a child again,
To hear the songs of Emma Jane,
O Nurserie!

Oh! cradle-days forever flown!
Young hopes forever overthrown!
I walk the world alone—alone!
O Nurserie!

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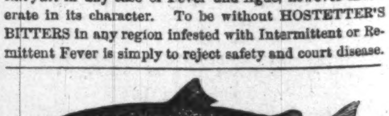

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2½ lbs.	"	J. Hathaway	at 1 25	6 25
2½ lbs.	Imperial	do	at 1 25	
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	G. W. Pool	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	G. W. Pool	at 1 00	1 00
5 lbs.	Young Hyson	Jacob Booth	at 1 25	6 25
2½ lbs.	"	F. S. Wilmer	at 1 25	6 25
2½ lbs.	Imperial	F. S. Wilmer	at 1 25	
2 lbs.	"	Dr. H. A. Raney	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	do.	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	Imperial	E. Mitchel	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	J. S. Kenner	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	"	Orion Powell	at 1 25	2 50
5 lbs.	"	Samuel Butler	at 1 25	6 25
2 lbs.	Unc'l'ed Japan	Weidman Fuller	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Oolong	S. A. Lyon	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs.	"	J. J. Calder	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs.	"	A. P. Webler	at 1 00	2 00
2 lb.	Uncolored Japan	Thos. Caldwell	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Geo. W. Bets	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	"	Sam'l Powell	at 1 25	2 50
2½ lbs.	Imperial	B. S. Scott	at 1 25	6 25
2½ lbs.	Gunpowder	B. S. Scott	at 1 25	
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	A. C. Shumway	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Oolong	A. C. Shumway	at 1 00	1 00
3 lbs.	Imperial	A. Hakes	at 1 25	3 75
5 lbs.	Young Hyson	John Miller	at 1 25	6 25
2 lbs.	Oolong	Mrs. L. Booth	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	J. W. McCutchin	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	"	Philip Peck	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	"	S. H. Wetmore	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	S. H. Wetmore	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson	Geo. P. Smith	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	Geo. P. Smith	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson	N. Smith	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	H. Chapen	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	H. Chapen	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb.	Young Hyson	Richard Hoadley	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	Richard Hoadley	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Theo. Stone	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Oolong	Theo. Stone	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Jobe Brown	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Ivony Butler	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Oolong	Ivony Butler	at 1 00	2 00
5 lbs.	Oolong	Fred. Biagg	at 1 00	5 00
1 lb.	Young Hyson	W. Hoover	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	Thos. O'Brien	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb.	Young Hyson	Thos. O'Brien	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Mrs. H. C. Calder	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	C. Stowell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	C. Stowell	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Hiram Daman	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	"	Munson Hinman	at 1 25	1 25
		Carried up		$126 25
		Brought up		$126 25
3 lbs.	Young Hyson	John Scott	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	Wm. Scott	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Imperial	A. Chandler	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	A. Chandler	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs.	Imperial	Albert Vanpatent	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	Young Hyson	Joel Hakes	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Gunpowder	Joel Hakes	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	Daniel Dolivan	at 1 25	1 25
3 lbs.	Young Hyson	Jacob Clemer	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs.	Imperial	Robert Will	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	Robert Will	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	Young Hyson	George Will	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs.	"	Isaac Nurs	at 1 25	5 00
5 lbs.	"	Lucus Root	at 1 25	6 25
4 lbs.	"	Amos Root	at 1 25	5 00
5 lbs.	"	E. C. Root	at 1 25	6 25
4 lbs.	"	James Rowe	at 1 25	5 00
2 lbs.	"	E. C. Stowell	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Imperial	E. C. Stowell	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	P. W. Crady	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Gunpowder	John Clark	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	R. J. Nurs	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	Jessey Zink	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	"	P. A. Pool	at 1 25	12 00
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	P. A. Pool	at 1 25	
2 lbs.	Oolong	P. A. Pool	at 1 00	
2 lbs.	Imperial	P. A. Pool	at 1 25	
2 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	P. A. Pool	at 1 25	
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Theo Newell	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Young Hyson	O. Stowell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	B. Hamlin	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	N. Hamlin	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	"	A. Brewster	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	J. N. Pratt	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	Dr. S. Trimble	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Oolong	Dr. S. Trimble	at 1 00	2 00
3 lbs.	Oolong	A. Powell	at 1 00	3 00
2 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	J. Powell	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	"	J. Daboll	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	"	E. Reed	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	P. Russell	at 1 25	1 25
4 lbs.	Young Hyson	G. Saxton	at 1 25	5 00
5 lbs.	Imperial	J. B. Evans	at 1 25	6 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	John Jukes	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	Jos. Cooper	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	Jos. Cooper	at 1 00	1 00
4 lbs.	Imperial	Levi Hicks	at 1 25	5 00
1 lb.	Imperial	Wm. Blue	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	John Colar	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	Dick Simpson	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	Dick Simpson	at 1 00	1 00
		Total		$258 25

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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